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EDITORIAL

This shortage is over—so drink more milk

AFTER MANY YEARS of shortage the milk supply has now caught up with consumption, and by the end of this year should have got well ahead of the likely demand.

Milk, in fact, is the first of the basic foods not only to return to a prewar level of abundance, but to surpass it.

Before the war, England and Wales drank 800 million gallons a year. Now they drink 1,400 million gallons.

There are two reasons for the higher consumption. One is that full employment since the war has enabled almost everybody to afford milk. Today the average consumption is over five-eighths of a pint daily. That is five times as much as the people of the depressed areas could afford in the days of widespread unemployment.

The other reason is that free school milk, introduced in 1946, is now drunk daily by five million children. They alone take fifty million gallons a year.

But the experts say we all ought to drink even more; according to them, everyone should have three-quarters of a pint a day.

There is also another reason for swigging that extra glass of milk. While meat and fats are short—and likely to stay short because the bulk of them have to be imported—milk is home-grown. Yet it contains the most precious food-ingredients of both.

So—drink more milk. There is no longer any need to worry about a shortage. Temporary scarcities may occur here and there through bad weather or faulty distribution, but the national supply is on the up and up.

FOR British dairy farmers are doing a wonderful job of production. They have both a short-term expansion programme and a long-term one.

The short-term one concerns feeding stuffs. Before the war, dairy herds were dependent on oilcake and other food from overseas. In 1941, milk rationing had to be started because this foreign supply dwindled and could not all at once be supplemented at home.

After the war, rationing was maintained because, although the supply increased again, the demand increased still more.

However it was, at first, possible to increase the foreign feeding stuffs. Then the economic crisis grew and grew. It became evident that we should never again be able to depend on foreign imports. So a drive was started to grow more cattle food here. Hay, silage (green fodder stored under pressure), and kale are the chief crops.

Townsfolk passing through the countryside often imagine that what they see growing is food for themselves. Some of it is—but a vast proportion is not. Instead, it is future meals for livestock, and especially for dairy and beef cattle.

This is the short-term programme for bigger milk production. We grow more fodder and we get more milk. That programme is now well under way and already producing results.

It has been assisted this winter by the longer-than-usual spell of mild weather which allowed the grass to grow and the kale to keep its leaves. Up to the middle of January, when a cold spell arrived, farmers had drawn much less than they expected on their stored reserves, and the cows were still benefiting from fresh food.

EVEN a hard tail to the winter is not now likely to reduce the milk yield enough to cause shortage and a renewal of rationing.

The long-term expansion programme, too, is beginning to give results, but we must wait another year or so for the full and permanent benefits.

The idea is to breed cows which will regularly give more milk. Most cows now yield rather more than 600 gallons a year—say fifteen pint bottles a day for the nation's doorsteps.

But that is not nearly good enough—even though it includes an extra fifty gallons yearly, added by selective breeding during the past ten years. The best cows in the prize herds already give a lot more, and it is expected that before long the average will have been raised to seven hundred gallons a year. There is no reason why it should not be pushed up to 900 gallons—or half as much milk again, from the same number of animals, as we are getting now.

The way to get "milkier" cows is to breed only from the best stock, and to use only bulls which may be expected to improve the stock.

The ordinary small farmer cannot afford to buy and keep a first-class bull to serve his cows. So the State helps him.

The artificial insemination service works out cheaper than ordinary stud fees. With this service, twelve cows can be put in calf by a first-class bull at a cost to their owner of only £15.

Farmers are using the insemination service more and more, and as a result the productivity of dairy cattle all over the country is rising slowly and surely.

This summer's prospects are that, for the first time, there will be a big enough milk surplus to embarrass the industrial users who get what's over when the public has drunk its share.

It is therefore up to everybody to drink a bit more—and so relieve pressure on the other vital foods which still have to be bought with dollars, and difficulty, abroad.

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Free Speech

SQUATTERS BEAR UNFAIR STIGMA

RICHARD COLLIER'S ARTICLE on Vigo Village (JOHN BULL, January 21) brought back happy memories of my early days on an ex-R.A.F. camp. Our experiences were similar and we received more help and friendship from our squatter neighbours than we had ever experienced before.

Our greatest problem is that we are still looked down upon by more fortunate tenants of houses and some tradespeople; while the looks of taxi drivers and hotel receptionists when our address is given are a study in human nature.—PHYLLIS M. BERRY, Hut 34, No. 1 Site, R.A.F. Camp, North Creake, near Wells, Norfolk.

Swindling Shopkeepers

NO WONDER MONEY GOES NOWHERE when housewives are persistently swindled by shopkeepers. I was in my butcher's shop when the cooked meat arrived. Two pressed meat loaves were put on the scale and weighed nineteen pounds. The bill was made out—£1 10s. 10d., which is 1s. 8d. a pound.

I asked for half a pound and was charged two shillings, which is a nice little profit of 2s. 4d. a pound. I'm going to get really tough with these chisellers. —MRS. A. W., Liverpool.

Intelligence Tests

JOHN MAY'S ARTICLE on I.Q. tests was a good piece of work. I visited my son's headmaster recently and he took great pains to tell me how well my son had done in his latest intelligence test. He might as well have been talking Greek for all I understood of the figures he was quoting with such pride.

When I got home, I asked my son about it. He said: "Oh, yes, it was some silly questions about if Sunday comes after Monday, put a cross; if not, put a straight line. And things like that."—MRS. FLORENCE SMITH, 37 Randall Road, Kingsley Park, Northampton.

. . . The disadvantage seems to lie in making too much depend upon test results, which no psychologist would claim to be infallible. But used with understanding, the I.Q. tests—and many other personality and aptitude tests now available (e.g. for musical or mechanical aptitudes)—can reveal much of a child's potentialities.—MISS DORIAN BALDOCK, 1 Whitehall, Ray Park Avenue, Maidenhead, Berks.

"A Forest Of Eyes"

CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR new serial *A Forest of Eyes*. It is a pleasure to meet virile, life-like characters such as Victor Canning has introduced into this modern yarn. A worthy successor to such JOHN BULL serials as *The Jacaranda Tree* and *Night Without Stars*.—H. NEEDHAM, 19 Princes Crescent, Bare, Morecambe, Lancs.

Stealing—Yes; Buying—No

SLACKNESS AND RUDENESS are two reasons for the souvenir game mentioned in Dennis Holman's article, "Shadowing The Hotel Guests" (JOHN BULL, January 14).

A fellow guest coveted a pewter tankard one evening in a famous café near Piccadilly Circus. "I'm taking this with me," he told the waiter. "Yes, sir, of course!" laughed the waiter, assuming he was joking. We left, the man with the tankard walking just ahead, carrying it boldly in front of him. It might have been invisible for all the notice staff and commissionaire took.

In a Leicester Square restaurant another friend asked if he could be allowed to *buy* a pair of lager glasses. We lunch there daily. But the manager refused. So we took them.

A good restaurateur would have stopped (but laughed at) the tankard escapade. He would have *given* the lager glasses—but perhaps added something to the bill. Why don't these places sell souvenirs, anyway?—MARK RILEY, London, S.W.14.

No Candidate And . . .

MY NAME IS ON THE ELECTORAL register in this village, where I have lived all my life. Yet I shall not be able to vote in the coming election—because I live in the Speaker's division.

It is thought—quite rightly—that the Speaker must be above politics and he is not opposed at the election. This is fair to the Speaker—but is it fair to the voters of the Division he represents?

My suggestion is that a man who is made Speaker should become an honorary M.P. and another man be elected to represent his constituency—DISFRANCHISED, Northumberland.

. . . Knowing The Candidate

WITH THE ELECTION almost upon us, it may be interesting to recall that the word candidate is derived from an ancient Roman custom: the man seeking election paraded in a "toga candida," a robe of dazzling white, so that he could be clearly seen by both friends and opponents.

Perhaps it would be a good idea to revive this excellent custom, to distinguish the candidate from the supporters who strut pompously about platforms and committee rooms.—N. CARTER, 129 Drummond Road, Skegness, Lincs.

Getting On In The Army

DON'T WASTE YOUR SYMPATHY on National Servicemen who say they are "wasting their time in the Army" ("Free Speech," January 14). Like many others, my own son is counting the hours until he is free from the Army but he is not wasting his time. He is studying economics on a postal course and intends to follow with another course on central and local government.

You see, he wants to be a political agent. Those who waste their time in the Army are most likely to waste it anyway.—SOLDIER'S MOTHER, London, W.6.

. . . My son was called up to the R.A.F. in June last year and after eight to ten weeks of strenuous training he has done nothing since but make roads and ditches and wheel barrows of cement. He was a painter apprentice, but it seems to me that he is now being used as cheap labour.—FATHER, Northumberland.

John Bull welcomes readers' views, experiences and ideas for publication. A guinea is paid for every letter used. Mark the envelope "Free Speech" and make sure your full name and address is in the letter.

Experience tells a man to smoke . .

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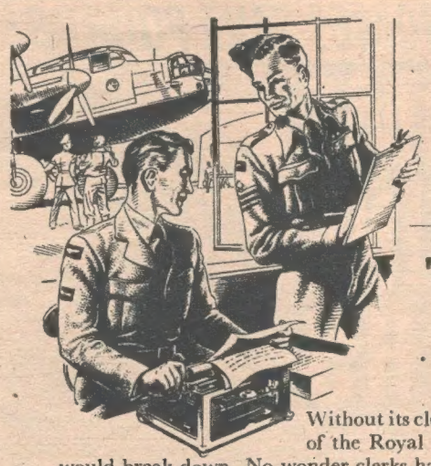

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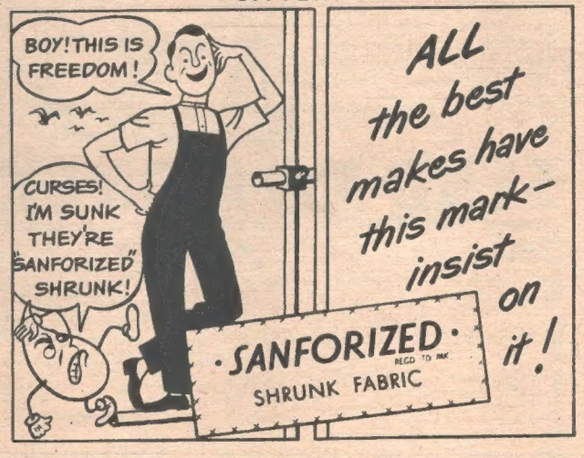
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Uniforce, the good mixers

by HARRY HOPKINS

How the soldiers of five nations are working together—the background story of Western Union's forward H.Q.

Fontainebleau's " bons camarades " : French sentry, British M.P.—*John Bull photo by William Kemp*

FROM THE *Cour des Adieux*, where Napoleon bade farewell to his weeping marshals, sightseers at Fontainebleau now find their way round to the back of the huge château where, under a high-turreted gate-tower, an R.A.F. man and a French soldier stand guard together.

Beyond the gateway, craning their necks, they can catch a glimpse of a grey-stone courtyard. It is the forward headquarters of Uniforce—the general staff of Western Union.

Here, in patched-up rooms which once housed the Queen's Guard, top military, naval and air force strategists of five nations—Britain, France, Belgium, Holland and Luxembourg—sit together at trestle-tables, daily defining their plans to stop the next war before it has started.

Sometimes, as he gazes at the turreted gateway, an alert tourist gets a close-up of the Commander-in-Chief of *Uniter*, France's famed Jean de Lattre de Tassigny, dashing by. If war came, it would be he who would lead the land forces of Uniforce—and we may rest assured operations would not lack *attack*.

When the Nazis moved into Unoccupied France, de Lattre marched his troops out to do battle. Vichy gave him ten years for that. But his wife smuggled a saw into jail in a bundle of flowers and de Lattre escaped, grew a beard and got through to England to join de Gaulle. Later he lead the French First Army in its headlong drive up the Rhône.

On A Tightrope

Temperamental, imaginative, liking—in his own phrase—"to live on a tightrope," de Lattre de Tassigny is today a man driven by one over-mastering purpose: to give France's army faith in itself again. Like Montgomery before El Alamein, he is the man made for the job.

With her long conscript tradition, France must be the mainstay of *Uniter*. But Britain takes the lead in *Uniair*, commanded by ex-fighter chief Air Marshal Sir James Robb, a publicity-hating Scot whose men swear by him. *Unimer's* chief is the youngest of the three—fifty-three year old Vice-Admiral Robert Jaujard, an expert on Europe's sea-board who flew his flag in the French battleship *Richelieu*.

There has never been a headquarters like Uniforce before. Under the three commanders-in-chief, staffs are thoroughly mixed. Nationality doesn't matter, only the job in hand. And that goes right through the whole 500-strong organization from the chiefs of staff at the top down to humble Uniforcers like A/C Lawrence Dunning from Thornaby-on-Tees and dark-haired Mme Paulette Noblet of Nantes, who work side by side on the telephone circuits to the five capitals. When a white light glows on the switchboard it is a French officer or a Belgian and the *armée feminine* handles it; when a green light flashes, it is an Englishman and the R.A.F. does its stuff. Dutch and Luxembourg officers must choose either French or English. Smiles Paulette: "From the start all has gone well. We are *bons camarades*."

Linking the whole organization is a strange mythological creature called "Unilion" — which turns out to be Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery of El Alamein. Though he's changed his caravan for a château now, Monty still likes to ponder his problems in the old austere detachment, twenty miles from his own headquarters.

Much of his time he spends in his plane, moving between his capitals, plugging the message of Uniforce, working to put heart into Western Union as he did into the Eighth Army in the desert.

Work, Not Pomp

But to the quiet, grey streets of Fontainebleau the coming of Uniforce has brought little change. On Tuesdays, the cobbled square outside de Lattre's headquarters is still cluttered with the wagons of the market folk. You rarely see a uniform.

This is a lounge suit General Staff—and younger than most. An organization for work, not show. The work is being done. As the defence groups multiply, under the controlling Franco-British-American "brain" in Washington, and the line stretches northwards and southwards from the Arctic Ocean to Algiers, in Fontainebleau a machine has been run-in and now stands ready to carry the load.

Necessarily, it is a complicated machine. To the strategists at Fontainebleau come directives from the five defence ministers, meeting in turn in Paris, London, Amsterdam, Brussels, Luxembourg city. A hundred hypothetic situations in all their permutations and combinations are dissected. A network of Uniforce committees—sometimes as many as fifty working at one time—prepares and files away detailed plans.

"We may decide," explained a Uniforce officer, "that in a certain eventuality seventy pink rabbits would be useful on a certain stretch of front. That goes back to London to our main H.Q. at Dover House. Maybe a standardization committee goes to work to decide just what *type* of pink rabbit. Another committee considers just who should make it and where. . . ."

In point of fact, for instance, it has been decided that Belgium, with an exchange of Rolls-Royce technicians, will turn out jet engines for Benelux air forces; that France will specialize on tanks and heavy artillery; Britain will supply technical help through Western Union for the building of Vampires and Meteors, and build radar to equip an "early-warning net" stretching from Baltic to Mediterranean.

Thus spreading the load, Uniforce planners relieve

Sergeant-Major Horam, Sous-Officier Duvignac ("I've one regret") and Sergeant Canning get together. Where they lead, others will follow

Pavlova, daughter of Sergeant-Major Horam, goes shopping in Fontainebleau. Prices are about three times those in England

the dangerous pressure on hard-pressed economies. But merely to prepare the ground for an Army of Europe, co-ordinated, flexible, interchangeable in its parts, means months and years of wrestling with detail.

One *Uniter* committee had to work out equivalent ranks in each of the five armies. A British major turned out to be equivalent, for instance, to a French Commandant—but a Belgian Commandant was something less.

Uniair technicians—taking the best from each nation—agreed on common methods of map-work and photographic interpretation. *Unimer* men clarified visual signalling, reduced the chaotic voltages of naval vessels to two only.

Naval couplings were adjusted so that in future any Uniforce vessel would be able to refuel any other at sea. Extensive glossaries had to be compiled, equating military and technical terms in three languages. And each new job led to others.

Three-language "War"

The work was not confined to paper. Last July, a combined Uniforce Fleet, steaming southwards from Penzance, was mock-attacked by French, British and Dutch submarines in turn. From an airfield near Fontainebleau, airmen of four nations flew Vampires and Meteors in joint manoeuvres designed to test out the co-operation of pilots communicating in three languages.

Now the presses are beginning to turn out a standard Uniforce Training Manual in Dutch, English and French. And men as well as ideas are being exchanged. At Deventer, a Dutch provincial town famed for its brown spiced cake, I watched the Union Jack and the tricolour of Holland floating side by side over an artillery school parade ground while British national servicemen demonstrated their heavy A.A. guns to young Dutch conscripts.

Both young Britons and young Dutchmen wore battledress—I didn't find it easy to tell them apart. It was, it seemed, "Thomas Atkins—Soldier of Europe" now.

That thought recurred when, back in Fontainebleau, I turned into the long tree-lined drive that winds up to the Château de Fougères, a big half-timbered villa that a rich French admirer gave for Monty's use.

Young British military policemen were sweeping the leaves from the gravel. On the shoulders of their battledress—like the rest of Unilion's staff—they wore a flash of five interlocking links of a chain.

Monty Gives A Lead

Monty—who designed the device himself—likes to point out that the links are welded. "I am an international soldier now. I belong not to Britain but to Western Europe. I must look at every problem through the international telescope."

The men of Uniforce show no reluctance to take Unilion's cue. They are fast becoming adepts with the international telescope.

Around eleven o'clock each morning, a green Y.M.C.A. tea-wagon trundles through the towered gateway which once rang under the hooves of the Queen's cavalry and lurches to a halt in the cobbled courtyard. From the grey-stone doorways which surround it, Frenchmen, Britons, Luxembourgers, Belgians, Dutchmen—of all ranks and services—come straggling across to crowd round drinking sweet, strong English tea.

"*Ça va?*" Sgt. George Canning from Manchester, greets fellow clerk Sous-Officier Jacques Duvignac, of Bordeaux, who wears on his chest the Africa-Italy-Germany-Liberation star. Duvignac was with General Juin's army in Tunisia, first got to know Englishmen there. He still writes to an R.A.S.C. man he met at Medjez-el-Bab who is now something in the City.

"It's the same with half the chaps here," comments Canning. "It's having worked together in the war that's made it so easy here. I reckon we got Uniforce going just in time. . . ."

Duvignac nods emphatically. "We have heard," he says, "*une camaraderie parfaite*. I regret only that we must talk in French. So many of your n.c.o.s have learned our language, but so few French sous-officiers can speak yours. But now an English naval officer gives us the lessons. . . ."

Canning has his wife out with him—their first child was born, a Uniforcer, in the British hospital in Paris. They have a flat in the town, and it's a pleasant enough life, especially in summer, when there's swimming and boating in the Seine and trips through Fontainebleau's vast much-painted forest. But the family food bill is three times what it would be in England, though Mrs. Canning now knows the ways of the shopkeepers and won't budge beyond 7s. 10d. for a pound of butter.

It is a problem Duvignac shares. "This is a *ville de tourisme*, you understand," he says. "It is the dearest town, this, in all France." For France's low-paid soldiers it is difficult. Many must leave their families as far away as Cherbourg or Brest. . . .

As the tea-mugs slide across the counter, Major Walford, of the Gordon Highlanders, goes into conclave with the Y.M.C.A.'s Miss Tennant, a fellow Scot, on the matter of the music for Thursday night.

Weekly Highland Fling

Thursday night is Scots' reel night—and now a famous Fontainebleau institution—when, under exacting tuition, burly Dutchmen, eager Frenchmen and excited Belgians of every rank and all services abandon themselves to wild Highland flings to the music of the pipes—from a gramophone.

Irrelevant as such diversions may seem, if the structure of Uniforce is ever put to the test of war it might well be the Scots' reels, the Y.M.C.A. tea, the mixed football teams that play all over France, the British presentation of *Aladdin*, at Christmas, rather than the filing cabinets full of paper plans, that would bring this great experiment through to a greater reality.

No one realizes this better than Monty. "We do not know the other nations around us well enough," he insists. And, despite the difficulties involved, from the outset he made it a rule that only British staff officers who could speak French would serve at Fontainebleau.

The results of that "get-together" lead have been reflected, month by month, in a growing sense of ease round Fontainebleau's innumerable committee tables.

"Probably," said a staff officer, "we're most at home with the Dutch—they're fine hearty fellows and magnificent linguists. We get on fine with the French, though, too, provided we remember that a Frenchman is a Frenchman, and don't just try to treat him like another Englishman."

This looks like developing into something of a Uniforce principle. Training, for instance, is being standardized, but in the manner and detail of carrying it out each nation will still follow the needs of its own temperament and cherished traditions.

The Matter Of Meals

You can see the method working out at Fontainebleau itself at the "Popote," a large house which has been taken over as a Uniforce officers' mess and club.

The French, for whom a meal is a matter not to be taken frivolously, begin to assemble round twelve o'clock in order to be able to accord to the midday ritual the consideration to which they feel it is entitled. The British, on the other hand, drift in towards one, treat the whole affair casually, get through in half the time.

This "Popote"—French for mess—is one of Fontainebleau's more remarkable institutions. British beer and *vin ordinaire militaire* share the tables. French naval ratings serve in the bar.

Many Continental officers are to be seen dining *en famille* with their wives and rows of small children. A babble of talk in many tongues rises clamourously to the ceiling.

But for the several hundred other ranks at Fontainebleau, the culinary entente broke down early. After a few weeks of Continental breakfasts and

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JOHN BULL February 11 1950

The thrills of caving

by DON EVERITT

Wriggling down tiny crevices or wading through pools in the dark is tough. Women are generally better at it than men

Bamber leads the way out of the Jugholes, Matlock. "Never go alone"

TOWARDS THE END of the last war, an enthusiastic young officer at a Commando training school decided that an ideal finishing touch to the course would be a trip through a local cave. Accordingly, one sunny afternoon the first party set off.

When they emerged from the cave two or three hours later, the Commandos were an amazing sight. Men who had made light work of previous exercises were now dead beat. Some had suffered from exhaustion in the cave and had to be assisted out. Aching, bleeding, bruised and drenched, they stumbled back to camp. The exercise was not repeated.

Although Swildon's Hole, Somerset, through which the trip was made, has some very rough, very wet and very narrow passages, this incident does serve to prove the contention of all cavers—who regard Swildon's as nothing exceptional—that theirs is the toughest of all sports.

It's Catching On

Britain's caving fraternity, roughly a thousand strong and steadily growing, is sub-divided into some fifty clubs. The most prominent are the British Speleological Association, the Cave Research Group and the Cave Diving Group. Tony Bamber, of Blackpool, a council member of the B.S.A., is a typical enthusiast.

A quiet - voiced, bespectacled bachelor of twenty-eight, Tony first developed a passion for caves in his early teens during a school trip to France. Now he spends most week-ends at one or other of the main caving grounds—North Yorkshire, the Derbyshire Peak or the Mendips in Somerset.

He says: "Caving has all the fascination of mountaineering plus the thrill of exploring. And wandering about down there is just about the finest form of escapism there is. Where else could you shut out the rest of the world and its worries so effectively?"

Caves vary vastly in shape and size and may be anything from a few yards to several miles long. The entrance to Gaping Ghyll in Yorkshire is a huge shaft 365 feet deep. Eastwater Swallet, in the Mendips, steps down through shafts and passages for more than 600 feet. In the Peak District, Carlswark Cave begins as an eighteen-inch by twelve-inch hole.

Tony asserts that most caves are as picturesque as any landscape. The rocks, fashioned into a million shapes by as many years of running water, range in colour from grey to deep orange. Stalagmites and stalactites glitter like pillars of diamonds. In many caves, water cascades continually from every crevice. There are streams, waterfalls, pools and lakes.

With the possible exception of walking on your hands, caving requires every form of natural locomotion, and Tony Bamber admits that women generally make better cavers than men because they are more supple.

One pitch in a cave may be big enough to hold a church; then it may rapidly dwindle to a hole smaller than a fireplace.

Tony Bamber says: "You wriggle in on your belly, arms outstretched, pulling and worming yourself along inch by inch and moulding your body to the shape of the rocks. Perhaps for several yards you can't move your head more than a couple of inches. For one stretch you may have to hold your breath *out* and relax completely before you can get through. Then you may strike a sharp turn. If your trousers get caught you cannot bring your hand back to keep them on."

Tony's first rule in caving is: Never go alone. "Alone down a strange cave a novice can soon get nervy and if he's in a narrow pitch and there's a couple of hundred feet between him and the entrance he can quickly lose all sense of proportion."

A recent trip provided an excellent warning against lone caving. Squeezing through a Derbyshire cave one of Tony's companions got his boot trapped in a crevice. He couldn't move forwards or backwards. The caver wriggling up behind him untied the boot-lace and eased his foot out.

Sew Up Pockets

To go caving, Tony prefers to wear a boiler suit, although he says any old clothes will do. One of his friends, having worn holes in the seats of two pairs of trousers, wore them both together—one back to front.

To prevent pockets catching on rocks some cavers sew them all up; others prefer to wear their outer clothes inside out. Occasionally, Tony allows himself the luxury of gloves and knee-pads—"You expect a few cuts and scratches, but the floors of some caves are like beds of fish-hooks."

If he's going into a cave where he knows he's bound to go under a waterfall or wade up to his shoulders through a pool, he wears neck-to-ankle combinations. "Even when you're wet through," he says, "they still keep you warm."

Ropes And Candles

The caver's headgear is a miner's helmet fitted with a battery or acetylene lamp. His main auxiliary equipment normally consists of ropes and rope ladders. In his haversack Tony packs his camera, a few candles for emergency lights (or for marking the route in intricate passages) and perhaps a little food.

He carries nothing on his person—"One chap who went with us recently got jammed through carrying an apple in an inside pocket and we had a devil of a job getting him out. Where necessary," he adds, "we push our tackle in front of us or pull it behind on a piece of rope."

The caver's main danger is flooding caused by a sudden cloudburst. Tony always studies weather conditions before going down a "wet" cave.

There have been comparatively few fatalities in caves in Britain and mostly, says Tony, they have been caused through carelessness—stones dropped down potholes (shafts), people going caving with colds and bronchitis. The latter, he says, "fail to realize that caving is extremely exhausting and once you stop for a rest you soon begin to shiver."

The worst that has happened in Tony's experience has been a sprained ankle or wrist. But there have been one or two tight corners. On one occasion he and his companions drained a mud sump in a Derbyshire cave to explore it further. When they returned they found that the sump, which was fifteen feet wide and thirty feet long, was filling up again much quicker than they had anticipated—and they had left their pumping equipment on the other side. "Fortunately," Tony recalls, "we hadn't left it too late and we were able to rush through."

Nervous novices have occasionally got trapped in a tight squeeze and Tony's method with them—if they won't follow his instruction to relax—is to let them struggle until exhausted. Then they can be eased out.

Caving has brought Tony some odd sights. From time to time he and his colleagues have seen bats, white plants and albino frogs and fish.

Clothing Froze Stiff

One of his most unusual experiences happened outside a cave. He recalls: "Several of us had been down Giant's Hole in the Peak and had got thoroughly drenched. As we came out of the cave we met an icy wind. Our outer clothing froze stiff in a few seconds. We had to hack the buttons off with penknives."

Caving, primarily a sport, also has its scientific side—geology, paleontology, anthropology. . . . And now in the United States the possibilities of caves as atomic air raid shelters are being investigated.

Tony Bamber says, laconically: "Who knows? We may soon be back where we started."

Old Wolferin tried to sit up, but I held him down. And then I heard a sort of gasp. I turned. Willi and Fritz were staring at Harrington

The atmosphere in the schloss that weekend was oppressive with hatred. At all costs, Gregory decided, the two men would have to be kept apart. At all costs

WILLI SAID: "And here comes another carriage. It's—yes, I believe it is—it really is"—his voice went into a squeak of excitement—"the Baroness. Ah, she is unmistakable. That carriage, that bouncing superstructure! Beautiful. *Wunderbar*. She is smiling. Dear God, she is smiling this way."

He kissed his hands in an exaggerated gesture, and nearly toppled off the window seat. His high boot scraped the polished floor with an ugly sound.

Harrington said: "For heaven's sake, will you shut up?"

His red, angry face blazed for a moment over the Sunday newspaper. He had sat for two hours in the same position, reading through the papers one after the other, and drinking brandy. Willi glanced across at him, pained.

"You have no true appreciation of beauty, sir," he said. "You can't just read your papers, sir, when the whole world is coming to visit us. I defy you, sir, to look unmoved at this radiant creature."

He smiled ecstatically out of the window again, and blew another kiss. Harrington had once told him to address him as sir. Now, whenever he was tight, Willi took advantage of him. Harrington's eyes went piggish and spiteful.

"Are you making fun of me, you little——"

"Mr. Harrington, sir!"

Harrington looked at him with hatred.

"Lousy little Nazi," he said.

"Little?" Willi said. "I was a big shot. I was a very big Nazi. I am insulted, sir."

I got up. "Shut up, Willi."

It was impossible to read anyway when they started. I walked over to the big windows and looked out. The rain seemed to be set. It was coming down in torrents, sluicing across the deserted courtyard of the *schloss*.

I said to Willi softly: "Why can't you stop baiting him? You know those silly games enrage him."

Willi looked down roguishly at his big boot. "You want to stop all my fun, Gregory," he said. "If we haven't got girls here, the only thing to do is imagine them. What do you want me to do: sit and watch that bloated pig drink and read the football news?"

Willi was always talking about girls. When he met any he was struck dumb. Harrington had a rude word for him, but Willi wasn't really like that. He was a mass of complexes, something to do with his leg and his big boot.

The Nazis had put Willi in a concentration camp. He was a teacher of English and history at Vienna, and a pretty good one. But Willi had Jewish blood in him. In the camp they had been carrying out certain experiments concerning the treatment of fractures. The doctors had broken Willi's ankle, and set it again. When it mended, they gave it another tap with a mallet, and broke it again. They went on doing this for some time, until they'd abandoned the experiment; but the last time they hadn't bothered to set the ankle.

After the liberation, Willi spent six months in the *krankhaus*, and when he left he had his big boot. It was on his mind all the time. He came to us as an interpreter, and after a day or two, he'd asked me if I thought a girl could really love anyone who was a cripple. Not just pity, he said. Not just like a sister or anything, but you know. . . .

When they were rowing, Harrington

Sunday at the Schloss

by LIONEL DAVIDSON

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

used to taunt him with it, and it was because of this that I'd lent my car to Wing, the new food control clerk, and stayed at the *schloss* for the weekend. Harrington never left the *schloss*. He'd spend the weekend reading last Sunday's newspapers and drinking himself into a stupor.

A girl I knew in Klagenfurt had promised to drive down for the week-end, with a friend for Willi, but it looked as if the rain had held them back.

Willi, I knew, was secretly relieved. Since early morning he'd been in a panic about meeting the girl. But he also detested himself for being relieved, and tried to bluff me. It didn't call for any special perspicacity to see through Willi. Now, I was frightened that if Harrington began about his big boot he would burst out crying.

I said: "What about a game of billiards?" Willi was very good at billiards. Winning restored his self-confidence.

Willi wanted to play, to forget the girls and put his panic behind him, but his pride wouldn't let him.

He said: "What about ringing up? You could ring up and see if they've left."

I went across to the phone. It was on the big marble mantelpiece. Some time towards the end of the last century, the *schloss* had been redecorated. The interior had now none of the charm suggested by the impressive exterior. It was damp, dismal and depressing.

Willi watched me from the window-seat as I wound the handle. The large, intelligent eyes were alive and nervous in his long, wasted, rather dissolute-looking face.

There was no reply. I kept the handle moving for a good half minute, and suddenly Frau Müller from the village came on at the other end in a terrible flap. I couldn't make out a word of it. I got Willi.

He spoke rapidly, then turned to me. "It is impossible to get through. The rain has washed away a part of the roadway and the lines are down outside the village." He tried to look disappointed.

"Tell her to try Amfeld," I said. "See if they have a line to Klagenfurt. She can connect us."

Willi tried to look as if it was a good idea. He told her. After a minute or so he said rather breathlessly: "Yes, it is working."

I took the phone from him, and after a few minutes I got through to the girl. There was something wrong with the line, though, and neither of us could make out the other. In the end, she shouted: "We'll be there at eight. Find us a bed."

So that was that. I supposed they'd broken down and turned back.

Willi began to twitch a little with nerves.

"So they'll sleep here," he said.

His imagination was working overtime.

Harrington had been watching us, blinking owlishly.

"Thank God," he said. "Maybe we can have a bit of peace and quiet for the rest of the afternoon. I'll turn in before they come. Filling the house with cackling girls. . . ."

Willi's eyes snapped.

"They wouldn't have disturbed *you*, sir. They would have let you sleep over your bottle."

Harrington's lip curled viciously.

"Disgusting little pansy. What would you do with a girl?"

His eyes went to Willi's boot, and he checked himself. He leaned forward heavily and poured himself another drink.

Willi had gone quite white.

"You are an old man," he said childishly. "You don't know about these things. Girls don't worry about my—my feet. It's not my feet they want." He was breathing quickly, his voice rising. "You know what it is they like."

Harrington suddenly cackled.

"You little pipsqueak," he said. He began coughing. "You disgusting little pipsqueak. Take him away quick. He'll be after me in a minute."

Willi's hands clenched.

"Just you wait," Harrington told him. "Perhaps I'll stay up after all. Somebody ought to warn these foolish virgins. Casanova in the iron boot!"

Willi's eyes suddenly filled with tears. He turned and limped out of the room.

"Oh, Lord!" I walked to the window again and stood looking out. Behind me, Harrington said: "Damn' little pansy. It's time someone took him down a peg or two. We'll just see about little Willi."

He grunted and picked up his papers.

The courtyard was still wet and running. The rain poured off the slope into the verge of dreary surrounding shrubbery. The *schloss* stood on a hill, and on a clear day the view was great. Half a mile away, below, was the village, Gross-Wolferin, and beyond, the thin line of the river. Now, it was curtained by rain. Standing back a little, I could see the room behind me reflected in the window: the big tasteless fireplace, the few damp logs in it smouldering and smoking; Harrington, sprawled in his chair under one of the electric wall brackets; the locked grand piano, the smaller upright piano we used at parties.

The grand was *verboten*. It belonged to old Wolferin, the owner of the *schloss*. He'd moved out into the village, but his furniture had remained. The top floor, too, was *verboten* to us. It was locked. Every few months the old boy would come and potter around upstairs, lock up and leave again.

He never spoke to anyone. Once, I'd met him sitting on the stairs. Fearing he'd had a heart attack, I bent down and lifted his head. He was asleep. He came awake with a jerk, stood up at once and hurried downstairs.

I went to the fireplace and gave the logs a kick. The room was cold and cheerless. Harrington nodded over his papers. I thought of ringing for Fritz to make some tea, but it was just after three and too early.

For a few minutes I wandered aimlessly around the room. I could write some letters. I could read. I could sleep. I could put on a raincoat and go for a walk. I could knock a ball about in the billiard-room.

None of the prospects seemed particularly encouraging. Somewhere in the building, I could imagine Willi sobbing his heart out. I stopped at Harrington's little table and poured myself out a glass of brandy. He was asleep, grunting a little. He was not a very pleasant sight.

A couple of years before, when I had first arrived at the *schloss*, Harrington and I had struck up a brief working friendship. He had been a regular officer in the Army, and his long and undistinguished career had left him with a wry, detached humour that I had found amusing.

He was reticent about himself, but once, while drunk, he had told me something that had stuck in my memory.

As a young lieutenant, many years before, he had been an efficient, ambitious officer. Once, making his rounds of inspection, he had complained about the state of some latrines, ordered them to be scrubbed out with strong disinfectant. The sergeant accompanying him had told him rather truculently that the colonel's orders stated that only carbolic was to be used, and that this had already been done.

With sudden irritation, Harrington told the n.c.o. not to answer back and to do as he was told. The sergeant took offence and repeated doggedly that colonel's orders stated carbolic only. Harrington promptly placed him on a charge, gave orders that the latrines were to be cleaned to his instructions, and forgot about the incident.

But it was not to be forgotten so easily. Next day, Harrington found himself on the carpet before the colonel. The old man was shaking with rage. By what right had Harrington taken it upon himself to countermand his orders? What sort of a blithering idiot was he to dress down an n.c.o. before the men and place him on a charge? How in God's name was he, the colonel, expected to deal with the offender, one of his best men, who was merely pointing out to his numbskull lieutenant that the colonel's orders were there to be obeyed?

Unprepared for this assault, Harrington had cut a poor figure. Instead of apologizing, he began to argue. That was the end. Nothing happened to the sergeant, but Harrington was posted, a "trouble-maker." From then on, everything had gone wrong with him.

"Over a latrine," he said. "Can you beat it? All over a bloody latrine."

He had forgotten the colonel's name; he had forgotten the sergeant's name. All that he remembered of that nameless camp was a corner of a dingy, malodorous latrine. But the incident and the forgotten characters had been enough to ruin his career.

His entry into the Control Commission had given him a new shot of life, but in the *schloss* he began drinking again. When Durrand, the chief, had been posted, Harrington was passed over, and I got the job. He bore me no malice. I am sure he never bothered to give it any further thought, to review the reasons, or to take stock of his position. Or if he did, at the back of his conjecture would be the cynical memory of a latrine.

After a while, our friendship petered out. His complete detachment, his disinterest in any of the things that mattered to me began to make him an irritation. When Willi came to us, Harrington became a nuisance.

They loathed each other from the start. Harrington found something inexpressibly comic in Willi's tragic history. The chain of irrelevancies that had placed Willi first in the concentration camp and then in the *krankhaus* ran in crazy parallel with his own experience.

But while Willi was bitter and aflame with the injustice of his lot, Harrington was merely sardonically amused. His attitude was that of the old soldier telling the new, smarting recruit that he "shouldn't have joined." Only Willi wasn't that sort of recruit.

Now it looked as if the thing between them was going to explode. There would be trouble; and Willi, the Austrian, "expendable" native labour, would have to go. After trouble with the British staff there'd be no posting for Willi. He'd be out on his ear, and it was anybody's guess how he'd land.

Thinking it over, I knew it was not right that it should be so. If I could help it, I meant to see it didn't happen. For Harrington, this period in the *schloss* was the damp, smouldering end of a life of frustration. A fresh posting could do him no harm. Indeed, little now could do Harrington any harm. But I had already applied for a posting for him, without success. Harrington was stuck in the *schloss*.

Maybe I ought to persuade Willi to stay in his room when the girls came. . . . But, damn it, how would he take that?

It wasn't a thing you could discuss reasonably. The thing would just blow up, another of the stupid, insane little incidents that could throw a whole life out of joint.

And enough had already happened to Willi. The world owed him something. It was a damned shame about Willi.

I took the brandy over to the window and thought about it for a bit. The rain had eased off a little. After a while, I got my mac and went out for a walk.

In the village, I saw old Wolferin sitting at his window, looking out. He had a couple of rooms over a baker's shop. He looked like a little skeleton, muffled up in a scarf, his lips moving as he talked to himself.

For the past few months, the old man had been light-headed. Village gossip said that he held constant conversations with his son and grandson, both killed in the war. He was a pitiful figure. Willi had once got at me to try and get him in a home, but it was really none of our business.

It came on to rain again heavily, and I went back. It was still a bit early for tea. Harrington was still sleeping in his chair, and the fire was almost out. It was cold and depressing.

After a few minutes I went through to the billiard-room, which led off the common-room, and potted a ball about.

I heard Willi moving about upstairs. I thought I heard him come down, but a few minutes later he was calling me from the landing.

"Gregory, come here a minute."

I shouted back: "Come down and

have a game. I'm in the billiard-room."

"Gregory, please come at once. It's important."

There was an urgent note in his voice. I rested the cue and walked through the common-room to see what was up.

He was at the head of the stairs, bending down over something.

I said: "What's up? What's the excitement?"

Willi said: "It's Wolferin. Give me a hand with him. He's fainted or something."

I went up two at a time. The old man was supposed to ask permission before he came prowling around.

He was huddled up on the stairs. Willi was slapping his face. I took the old man's woollen gloves off and tried rubbing his hands. He was deathly pale.

Willi said: "Hold him, Gregory. I'll go and get some brandy."

He limped downstairs and came back with a glass. We tried to get it into Wolferin's mouth, but it was awkward on the stairs.

I said: "We'd better get him downstairs. I'll carry him."

The old man was light as a feather. I got him on the sofa and unbuttoned his oilskin mackintosh and his collar and tie. The scrawny neck began to gulp. Willi poured a few drops of brandy into his mouth, and the old man started spluttering.

"It's all right, I think," I said. "Just a simple faint. See if you can do anything about the fire, Willi. It's damned cold in here."

We were making a good deal of row, but Harrington sat tight in his chair, his eyes shut. He was muffled up in a scarf now.

Just then Fritz came in. The scuffling on the stairs had woken him up. I told him to get some tea.

He stood looking at Wolferin.

"For the graf, also?" he asked.

"Yes," I said.

"And Mr. Harrington?"

I said: "I don't know. Ask him."

"Mr. Harrington," Fritz said, respectfully. All the servants were scared stiff of Harrington. "Mr. Harrington."

He tried to shake him, but Harrington didn't move. Old Wolferin was meanwhile recovering fast. He tried to sit up, but I held him down.

"It's all right," I said. "You're all right. Just lie still."

And then I heard a sort of gasp behind me.

Willi had walked over to Fritz, and they were both looking at Harrington.

I said: "What is it? What's the matter?"

Willi said slowly: "I think something is wrong here. He's not breathing."

I looked at Harrington.

I said: "Fritz, go and ring for the doctor."

Willi took the scarf off Harrington's neck. The back of it was soaked with blood. Someone had stabbed Harrington in the neck. He was dead.

I looked at Willi. He began to say something but couldn't meet my eye. Behind us, on the sofa, Wolferin began to laugh.

THERE was quite a party that evening. In the middle of a police interrogation, the girls turned up—and left, after coffee. But the police stayed on.

It turned out that the scarf was Wolferin's. And in Wolferin's mackintosh pocket was the weapon Harrington had been stabbed with. It was an old ornamental dagger which had lain on the piano.

There were no fingerprints on it, but the old man was wearing woollen gloves. That explained it away to the police. It didn't explain it away to me. I thought Willi had a neat story. . . .

He'd found Wolferin roaming about upstairs, he said. The old man had been talking wildly, had said Harrington was raiding his private rooms. Willi had gone downstairs to see (that must have been when I heard him come down the first time), found Harrington in his chair, and gone back to tell the old man he was imagining things. When he got back, he said, the old man had fainted.

"If you've got to talk, then for goodness' sake keep off politics"

WELL, that was his story. He stuck to it. He stuck to it at the inquiry later, and though he couldn't, of course, avoid the finger of suspicion (after all, all of us in the house were suspects), his lawyer succeeded easily in painting a lurid picture of mad old Wolferin rampaging insanely through the house, obsessed with the idea that Harrington was desecrating his secret treasures.

Just where Wolferin had got this idea provided some speculation.

Fritz, in evidence, said he had not let the old man in. Someone must have left the front door open. I told how I'd gone for a walk and had seen Wolferin talking to himself at his window. I couldn't say whether or not I'd closed the door behind me.

However, it never came to anything. I didn't mention the row between Willi and Harrington. Wolferin was an easy suspect, and since he was obviously out of his mind and unfit to plead he was sent away to an asylum, and there the matter was closed.

It wasn't quite closed for me. Knowing what I knew, it was obviously impossible to keep Willi at the *schloss*. Though he had been proved innocent, and though Harrington had never been popular, there was still a certain amount of feeling among the rest of the staff. So Willi had to go.

There was no question of his being sacked. He'd done nothing wrong, there'd been no "trouble" between him and any of the British staff. Willi would be all right. I got him a posting with an easy conscience.

A few months later I, myself, resigned. I went to Vienna to stay with friends for a week before leaving for England, and one day, driving down the *Herrengasse*, I braked hard to avoid a pedestrian crossing the road in the wrong place.

He hopped awkwardly back on to the pavement and turned to shake his fist at me. I looked again, put my head out of the window, and said: "Hallo, Willi."

"Gregory!"

He got in beside me. There was no awkwardness. The "incident" in the *schloss* was past. He'd lived through it and put it behind him as he'd done with so many other incidents in his life.

He'd left the Commission after all. He'd gone back to teaching. The pay wasn't much, but he gave English lessons in the evening, and somehow he made out.

He was delighted to see me, put his arm round my shoulder and started chattering twenty to the dozen. The girls he was giving lessons to (he called them "pushers"); the fiancés he'd cut out. . . . His eyes were sparkling, his imagination working overtime. It was the old Willi.

I took him to tea at the club, and later on I drove him back to his rooms.

On the way, he fell silent. When we got there he asked me in. I knew what was coming, and was about to decline. The business in the *schloss* was over and done with. I didn't want to hear any more about it. But it was probably the last time I would be seeing him. I was very fond of Willi.

"All right," I said. "It can't be for long, though."

We went up. He had a tiny bed-sitting room. He dusted a chair for me, and limped nervously up and down while I sat down and lit a cigarette.

After a bit, he said: "Look, Gregory. I don't want to raise old history. I know how you feel about the—the Harrington business and so on, but you also know I value your good opinion. May I talk about it? It is very important to me."

It was coming now. There was nothing I could do to stop it.

I said: "All right, go ahead."

Willi limped up and down again, his fingertips together, raised in front of him. He cast a quick look at me.

"Let's suppose," he said, "let's just suppose right from the beginning that old Wolferin was not in fact the—the murderer. Let's suppose someone had got him there on a false pretext and then killed Harrington."

I said: "All right, Willi, I'm supposing that. I don't want to listen to this, you know——"

He held up his hands.

"Please, Gregory. For my own satisfaction. It will be a great relief to me. Let us skip the details about the scarf and the knife. Let's accept that someone planted those things. If you like, let's suppose I met the old man on the stairs, took his scarf and slipped the knife in his pocket after——"

"Willi," I said. "No personalities, please."

"All right," he said quickly. "I'm not harping on it. These are details. I want your opinion—you must have had time to think about it—on the actual ethics of the killing."

I shifted my feet restlessly.

"Do you think, Gregory, the killer had principles in mind? Do you think he must have foreseen trouble coming and decided one of us had to go—not for personal reasons, because he disliked Harrington, but because something else was at stake?"

He began to limp, rather wildly, about the room.

"Say two men have had a rotten time of it. Say that one is disillusioned and old and beyond redemption, that he knows this trouble is coming and doesn't care, knowing that it cannot hurt him. Say the other is disillusioned and young and half mad with the way he has been kicked around. Say he knows, too, that this trouble is bound to come, but that he does care, knowing that it will hurt him, and start the kicking around all over again. Do you think, Gregory, the murderer would kill Harrington for that? So that he could do no harm? Coldly, judicially, for a principle?"

I started to say something.

Willi interrupted: "Please, a minute more, Gregory. You have been patient . . . or do you think the murderer killed just wildly, suddenly, without thought, because he hated the other man?"

I WAS silent, thinking it over. Indeed, I had thought of little else for the past few months.

Willi said: "I have a right to know, Gregory."

He stopped walking about and looked right at me.

"I would not like to hear that it was just hatred. While there are men of principle, there's room for hope. Tell me, Gregory. Tell me the truth. Was it a matter of principle, or hatred? Why did you kill him?"

I threw away my cigarette.

It wasn't a thing that was easy to tell. Could you say "I killed him because it was all going to start that afternoon; because he was going to humiliate you in front of the girls, and I couldn't stand it. Because the weather was bad, and the *schloss* was dreary on a Sunday, and I felt suddenly nervy"? Or "because a latrine had ruined his life. Because it didn't matter much whether he lived or died"?

It wasn't a thing that had ever been clear since that wild, eventful hour, that wet and miserable Sunday. But I knew the answer Willi wanted.

I said: "Yes, Willi. Principle. That's about the size of it. It was a matter of principle."

How has Donald Peers got there?

by ***LAWRENCE EARL***

He's not exactly handsome and his voice is no great shakes, either. Yet he changed from just another ballad singer to top songster almost overnight

Peers with daughter Sheila after his throat operation. "I was inundated with flowers, fruit, letters"

SOME TIME AGO, a dark, svelte Jaguar saloon halted at a red traffic signal in London's Regent Street. From the car flowed the lilting words of "In a Shady Nook," a ballad not unknown to most Britons who own wireless sets.

This outpouring caused the policeman on duty at the crossing to scowl. "And who," he demanded, squinting through the half-open window, "d'you think *you* might be—Donald Peers?"

If the light had not turned green, sweeping the Jaguar along in a moving wall of traffic, its driver would doubtless have been happy to confirm that he was, in fact, the man who has made the song his trademark. He would have been equally happy to supply, on request, any number of autographs for the bobby to take home to his bobbysox friends and relatives.

For this little Welshman with the smiling, pouched eyes, the cleft chin and bulbous nose, christened Donald Rhys Hubert Peers, is first to admit that his fans—and not his voice alone—make him what he is today.

Without undue pressure he will also admit that he is far from handsome, lacks sex appeal, cannot read music, will never again see forty—and that he envies the fluid phrasings of America's Frank Sinatra, a rival claimant for the bobbysox crown.

An American magazine, taking note of the sudden skyrocketing of this British singer, even stated that Peers "has the voice of an average bathtub tenor."

All this raises an obvious question, and one which has never before been satisfactorily answered. How has the Cavalier of Song managed, practically overnight, to surmount all his handicaps and become, after twenty-two years of persistent trying, the most effusively received British ballad singer of these, and probably any, times?

The evidence that he *does* hold such a place in the esteem of a large portion of the public is almost overwhelming. Twelve and a half million British listeners tuned in weekly to his radio show last spring. Thousands scramble to buy Peers's gramophone records and sheet music. He plays top of the bill at variety theatres at a wage which often is more than £1,000 a week. And on May 9 last year he sang at a concert in the Royal Albert Hall, when 5,000 people were expected and nearly 9,000 came.

Bobbysoxers Stormed The Stage

More amazing still is the fact that Peers has been singing in exactly the same old-fashioned way to practically the same audiences since 1926, and, until February of last year, rode unsensationally along as a run-of-the-mill entertainer with every indication that this second-level stardom was as high as he would ever reach.

Then, at a Sunday evening recording session for the B.B.C. series, his audience exploded. Bobbysoxers screamed and stormed the stage. "More, Donald, more!" they yelled.

One teenaged girl tore off his bow tie for a souvenir. Others tried to kiss him. Still others demanded that he sack his accompanying quartette of girl singers in order to appear alone and undiluted for the next programme. Nothing remotely like this had ever before hit a Britain which normally veers sharply away from anything approaching transatlantic mass hysteria.

Then came the attempts, by Press and public, to find out how and why it had happened. A newspaper reporter set himself up as a one-man "Committee to Investigate Un-English Activities." A restaurant-table rumour began to spread.

"The reason the Peers bombshell resembled the Sinatra one," so the whisper went, "is because they both had the same publicity man."

The British singer's friends declared that this was a base falsehood. "It just happened," they said, "because Donald is so sincere."

Interested but neutral onlookers, convinced that Peers really did not employ a Press agent, thought this argument gravely weakened by the fact that the sincerity which was supposed to have carried the Cavalier to stardom in 1949 hadn't done so in

any of the previous twenty-two years. Actually, Peers's first big success was built partly on his well-drilled showmanship, partly on his proved ability to get under the skin of large audiences, and mostly on the enthusiasm of the Donald Peers Circle of Friends, his fan club.

It happened like this.

Peers, continuing serenely into early 1949 with his current B.B.C. programme, was attracting no special attention and making his recordings in a virtually empty studio. Then, one night, James Davidson, an assistant director of variety programmes, heard him sing at the Wood Green Empire. Davidson observed that the cash customers applauded Peers with more than ordinary enthusiasm. Next day he got in touch with the singer.

"I am going to put you over on the air," he announced, "with a bang. What you need is a live audience."

Peers was agreeable. He, Davidson and Roy Speer, the show's producer, spent days planning the first new-style programme. Songs were selected with meticulous care. Special orchestrations were prepared. Peers rehearsed as if he had never before sung for radio.

And Davidson selected the best listening evening for the recording to be broadcast: Thursday, when last week's pay packet had been spent and tomorrow's hadn't come.

Meanwhile, hundreds of tickets were distributed to the Peers fan club.

"Naturally," a B.B.C. official told me, "his fans came early and were first in the queue. As a result, his most ardent, uninhibited and vocal supporters, mostly bobbysoxers, filled the front rows in the theatre. Thus, over the air came their almost hysterical screaming. Peers was made."

Peers and the bobbysoxers. One fan follows him around the country

Ran Away From Home

As most of his ardent fans are well aware, Donald Peers was born in Ammanford (pop. 7,160) in South Wales. At thirteen he won a bursarship to the Amman Valley County School and his father decided that, with this aptitude for scholarship, young Donald must be a schoolteacher. Donald didn't agree, but father was a man of iron.

Two years later the budding teacher made friends with a crew of journeymen painters and ran away from home to work with them. His first job was to carry buckets of paint, clean brushes and fetch the tea.

A couple of years later, having graduated to painter, he was varnishing a shop front in Richmond, Yorks, when a small, wide-eyed and pretty girl passed under his ladder. Young Peers climbed down and followed her until he saw her enter Musgrove's Hatters and Hosiers on Finkle Street. Inside, he discovered her behind a counter selling neckties.

"By the time I'd bought my twentieth tie," he says, "we'd begun to go out to dances and for walks. They were mostly bows—the ties, I mean. The girl's name was Marie Thomson and her grandfather owned the shop."

The varnishing job petered out and he left for other towns, but by 1927 he was beginning to tire of the work. He bought a ukulele and sailed to Abadan on the Persian Gulf in a tanker called *The British Earl*. His job was messroom steward. In his spare time he strummed on the ukulele and sang. Nobody on board thought his voice extraordinary.

A sailor's life didn't suit him and he returned to England to rejoin his old pals the painters. For amusement he often went to see concert parties.

"In Lowestoft," he recollects, "I saw a little bloke on the stage singing songs with a ukulele. I thought I could do as well, so I wrote to the manager of the next concert party and asked for an audition."

Strumming his uke and singing "Bye-Bye Blackbird," he made the grade. The tour lasted three weeks and folded up, but Donald now knew he'd never be content except on a stage. He went to London to stay with an aunt, telephoned the B.B.C., and gave himself a high-powered build-up.

"Come around," the B.B.C. man offered, "and we'll give you an audition." After that, they offered him four guineas for a ten minute broadcast and this Peers cheerfully accepted. The date was December 17, 1927.

He broadcast a few times during the next ten weeks but was otherwise without work. "Donald," his aunt suggested, "don't you think you ought to give up the stage? You'll starve."

In the nick of time he was hired by another concert party and with it played towns so small that many didn't have theatres. He remembers singing at such places as the Co-operative Hall, Bingley, and The Palace, at Kirkham, which had only one entrance for staff, audience and stage artists.

As a result, nowadays, when bobbysoxers come round to ask him for autographs, he almost invariably knows their home village, no matter how small, and can chat to them about it.

"I'll Marry You When . . ."

In 1929 he advanced to touring revues which played slightly larger centres. Later that year he was booked at Darlington, which is reasonably close to Richmond, Yorks. He called round to see Marie, his old girl friend, and asked her to marry him.

"How much," she asked with Yorkshire caution, "are you earning?"

"Five pounds a week."

"I'll marry you when you are making ten."

By June of 1930 he was. On June 7 Marie became Mrs. Peers, a title today's teenagers consider to be as good as that of a duchess. Next year Sheila, their daughter, was born.

By then, times were lean. Peers, Marie and Sheila lived in a one-roomed flatlet in Brixton, London. To stretch his small income through 1932, when he had only seven weeks' work, Peers used to go to the open-air food market at Brixton, where, late at night, the butchers auctioned off joints of meat rather than keep them until morning. He developed a fine system of choosing the best time to put in a bid. This involved a ticklish bit of balancing. It was true that the later you waited, the cheaper the beef, but there was the grave danger of waiting *too* long.

"If you weren't careful," he says, "you'd be liable to wind up with scrag ends of the neck. But at around half-past ten you used to get a fine joint for only a shilling. Sometimes less."

D For Donald Day

Times improved. By the middle of 1936 he was firmly established as a trouper. In 1937 he signed with Radio Normandie for fifteen guineas a programme, in addition to his stage earnings, and just before the war he was averaging £50 a week.

In 1940 he enlisted in the Royal Army Service Corps and was invalided out on June 6, 1944. To the Peers family D-Day was Donald's Day. From then until that riotous Sunday evening last February, which in its own way also made history, he toured the provinces.

He began to receive letters, mostly from young girls, and some of them asked permission to start a fan club. Instead, he decided to enlist them into what he called his Circle of Friends. Today it measures its membership in thousands and publishes its own magazine, *Cavalier*.

Peers fans are exceedingly loyal. One girl follows him around the country to hero-worship at his variety appearances. "You can laugh if you wish," she wrote recently, "but I had quite a lump in my throat as my train pulled out of Blackpool and I thought of the short time I had had sitting in the front row watching you."

In a single week last spring, he says, he received 3,682 letters. Even in the off season, when he does not sing for radio, he averages 200 or more.

Though some critics belittle the range and quality of his voice, almost all admit Peers is a master showman. When he sings he claps his hands, closes his eyes and opens them with wide surprise, dances and prances, smiles, winks, talks to the people out front, sways from side to side and makes his listeners do almost as much singing as he does himself. He holds the audience enthralled.

Once I listened to him from behind the dress circle at a north-country theatre. When "In a Shady Nook," his introductory piece, came over the loudspeaker system, I heard a man laugh derisively. His wife, a middle-aged woman with a work-worn, but now rapt, face, stabbed him viciously with her elbow. "Shush, Reggie!" she hissed. Reggie shushed.

Peers declares that, however spontaneous it may appear from out front, he makes no single movement, says no single word, sings no single note on the stage that hasn't been rehearsed for hours and sometimes days. He vets all songs before he sings them and chooses his numbers from five arbitrary classifications, which he lists as follows:

1. Cheer-up songs such as "Powder Your Face With Sunshine."
2. Songs about kiddies which the grown-ups like to hear. "Sleepytown Express" is an example.
3. Pure rhythm numbers. ("I'm Sitting On Top of the World.")
4. Nostalgic songs like "It's a Lovely Day Tomorrow."
5. Very rarely, a comic song.

Lost Grip On Voice

Last May he caught a cold and later had trouble with his throat. "It feels," he said, "like a tyre with no tread. I can't seem to get a grip on my voice."

All last summer, Peers noticed this peculiar feeling when he tried to sing. In late August, on the advice of his doctor, he left the Blackpool show in which he was the star. His trouble, he was told, was caused by a kind of ulcer near his tonsils. In September his tonsils were removed.

When he returned home from hospital, under a ban of absolute silence, the phone began to ring incessantly and people called in a steady stream. "I was inundated with flowers, fruit and letters," he declares.

He put up a "No Callers, Please" notice, left the telephone off the hook and cancelled his B.B.C. series which was scheduled for November.

Then he went on a holiday to Gibraltar, taking in the sun and wondering if he would ever sing professionally again. After his return he tried a few hesitant notes and found that his voice was neither better nor worse than it had been before his trouble. Since then he has been rehearsing for his new B.B.C. series. His fans do not seem to have deserted him in his enforced absence.

Once I overheard a man leaving a theatre after listening to Peers for the first time. "Want to know the recipe for his success? Take a little bit of hero, a little bit of ham, thousands of faithful fans, and season thoroughly with twenty-two years of stage experience. Mix well. That," he said, "is Donald Peers."

JOHN BULL February 11 1950

WIZARD IN GLASS

by NORMAN PHILLIPS

With a few tubes, a gas jet, some tweezers and a knife, he gives a new twist to the oldest invention

Fritz Lampl studies one of his own glasses. "It's really like blowing imaginary bubbles"

IT WAS IN VIENNA that fifty-seven year old Fritz Lampl with the high-domed, white-fringed cranium first took to glassblowing. His skill brought him mention in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* and, later, sanctuary in England when Hitler forced him to escape from his native Austria.

His powers of persuasion brought him permission from the British Museum to copy in glass Greek coins of 2,500 years ago. His business acumen prompted him to sell the copies to famous West End fashion houses who used them to brighten up elegant garments.

Now, with British workmen, he is dividing his talents between the creation of gay glass jewellery and the production of sophisticated glass tableware. His workshop is one of the few remaining places in the world where fine glass is blown free-hand.

His reputation is founded on reviving, after 400 years, the traditions and craftsmanship of the Venetian glassblowers. Lampl creates miracles in glass with little more than a gas jet, a pair of tweezers and a knife—the same array of tools with which the glassblowers of Venice cornered the world market in the Middle Ages.

"Kings used to send their ambassadors to Venice to bring back just one vessel," he says. "So fragile was some of the Venetian work that the ambassadors had to take it to their kings by hand. The more fragile the glass, the more it was valued."

How The Pattern Is Put In

The fine tableware from the Lampl workshop in Oxford is less fragile, but it has the elegance of the Venetian school. One distinctive pattern is a blue spiral design of clear glass.

The colour, which appears as a fine thread winding its way round and round the stemmed glasses, is actually a solid glass rod which has been melted into the clear glass base. Fritz Lampl has been able to find only two craftsmen in England skilled enough to do the work.

It takes as long as two hours to make one wineglass—longer if the design includes a minute swan in the stem. The swan is a lone survivor from the days when the Lampl workshop in Vienna was promoting a craze for tiny animal caricatures in glass. This fad became international—everybody wanted his giraffes with looks of mild surprise, ponderous elephants and innocent-looking baby monkeys all in glass.

Miniature animals with droll expressions decorated countless mantelpieces, and still do, but Lampl no longer makes them—not since the Japanese displayed the sincerity of their flattery by imitating them and flooding the market.

When, recently, the English producers of Tennessee Williams's *The Glass Menagerie*, a play dealing with a collector of these animal caricatures, appealed to Lampl for some examples, he had to decline. Although he was the creator of the original glass menagerie, he hasn't even one left for his own mantelpiece.

The glass menagerie period represented Lampl's whimsical contribution to glass design. Before he came on the scene, decorative glass was mainly chosen for its colour value. Lampl introduced animals, flowers and figures.

One of his finest pieces is an interpretation in glass of a Mozart scherzo, a title he gives to a group of three violin-playing nymphs. The Mozart scherzo was a product of the Bimini workshop in Vienna.

Bimini is a name which some critics decided was an example of the Italian influence on Lampl. Actually, it is the legendary island in the Bahamas where a miraculous fountain confers eternal youth on all who drink its waters. It comes from a poem by Heine.

Today, Lampl designs are marketed under the name Orplid, borrowed from another poet, the nineteenth-century German writer, Moerike. Orplid was the name Moerike invented for an imaginary land dreamed up by a small boy who used to play under a huge dining-room table.

"Orplid is a good name for glass objects," Lampl says, "because it means something that does not exist. The craft of the glassblower is, to a large extent, just blowing imaginary bubbles."

Ship-in-the-bottle Trick

As an example of what he means by this, Lampl produces a small glass perfume bottle. On the outside of it is a golden heart. Inside, and much bigger than the neck of the bottle, is a miniature Cupid aiming his bow and arrow at the heart.

The trick recalls the old sailor's full-rigged vessel inside a whisky bottle. Fritz Lampl's Cupid in the bottle is more complicated than the ship-in-the-bottle trick and has baffled many a would-be imitator. The secret is not to be revealed, although Lampl will, if pressed, admit that Cupid enters the bottle, not by the neck, but by the base.

There remains the problem of keeping Cupid upright with his aim centred on the heart while the bottom of the bottle is sealed up. That is still Fritz Lampl's secret.

"I only do things I like," Lampl says. Doing what he liked in prewar Vienna meant writing poetry and passing the time of day in Viennese coffee houses with such distinguished contemporaries as Alfred Adler, the psychiatrist, Gustav Mahler, the composer, and Franz Werfel, the novelist.

"Franz Werfel," Lampl recalls, "was a partner with me in a unique publishing house. It was owned entirely by authors. It was a wonderful idea and we published some fine books. But, of course, it was a failure."

It Began At A Country Fair

The philosophic attitude towards the failure of the publishing house was followed by Fritz Lampl's decision that one of the most sensible things to do is to make something with your hands and finish it.

For the fun of it, Lampl went to a country fair. Remembering the enjoyment he had as a boy from watching itinerant glassblowers at a rural carnival, he searched until he found a booth where an old man was making glass stags. Lampl decided this was the craft for him.

"I had always been fascinated by glass," he says, "so the next thing was to find a man who made scientific glassware like test tubes. We worked together and ruined a lot of good glass, but I learned because I was full of enthusiasm. Neither of us knew anything about making beautiful glassware. You might say we were not hindered by knowledge. After all, an expert is only a narrow-minded fellow who knows how to say, 'It can't be done.'"

That was in 1923. In the next fifteen years, Lampl learned all the secrets of creating with glass. He made more fantastic animals, costumed figures and tableware than he cares to remember.

His work went round Europe and won him gold medals. Other pieces went to America. Back from there came his strangest request—to create giant bacilli and microbes in glass.

"I found some white opal glass which really looked slimy, and, with one eye looking

John Bull photograph by Arthur Whittington

The trickiest job in the world. Glassblower Ben George at work

through a microscope and the other concentrating on the blow lamp, I tried to copy the real tint of the different germs. The finished models went to the Rockefeller Foundation."

Even more fun than making microbes came from an experiment at the Burg Theatre, the Old Vic of Vienna, where Fritz Lampl was commissioned to make a glass background for the stage. The problem was solved by creating a picture in blown glass—a landscape complete with trees, leaves and flowers—and then projecting it on the rear wall of the theatre.

Instead of a painted backdrop, the effect of the projected glass image was a glowing design. Its shimmering beauty was so attractive that the audience paid more attention to the setting than to the actors.

In 1938 Fritz Lampl had reached the eminence of what a leading German art journal was pleased to call "a great German artist." Three months later he had to fly from Vienna.

"I went to the British Embassy in Vienna to get a visa," he recalls. "They asked me what my profession was and I said that I was a poet. My application for a visa was turned down. Then I showed them some samples of my glass and they said they would be delighted to have me."

Samples Went In Raid

Hitler caught up with him three years later and the samples which had gained Fritz Lampl a new home in England disappeared during a raid on London which destroyed his workshop in Great Chapel Street.

The workers with whom Lampl rebuilt his reputation—and incidentally contributed to Britain's dollar exports—were an odd assortment of exiles and disabled soldiers. Among the former were an ex-member of the Prussian Reichstag, an internationally known Viennese potter, and a nephew of Picasso.

Making Greek coins in glass kept them together and kept them busy. Lampl had spotted the rare coins in the British Museum. "They fascinated me," he says, "because they had such clarity of design."

The coins were reproduced by Lampl and his workers, and used for buttons, ear-rings, fobs, clasps, necklaces and bracelets. The technique, compared with glassblowing, was simple and could be mastered by the mixed staff. Not until after the war was Lampl able to find skilled glassblowers who could execute his own intricate designs.

Discovery of his most talented glassblower — a diminutive, dark, curly-haired Welshman named Ben George—was accomplished through a fashion column extolling the beauties of the Greek coins in glass. George, who had encountered Lampl briefly before the war and then lost track of him, telegraphed the fashion writer and a reunion between the two glassblowers was arranged. They have been working together ever since.

Ben George spent ten years blowing retorts and other items of scientific apparatus in the Clarendon Laboratories at Oxford. Instead of being satisfied with mastering what is the most difficult of crafts — free-hand glassblowing—he yearned to produce something of greater intrinsic beauty than a test tube.

Now George, under Lampl's expert guidance, fashions wineglasses so skilfully that the finished products —although he himself never measures them — do not vary more than a fraction of an inch in size. The work demands so much concentration that he apologizes for not being able to explain what he is doing while he twirls and blows the glass tubing in a 1,000 deg. centigrade gas flame.

"Bubble" Becomes A Glass

The raw materials are glass tubes about half an inch in diameter and solid glass rods somewhat thinner than a lead pencil. A small egg-sized bubble is blown in one of the tubes.

On this—using the coloured glass rod as a crayon—eight perfectly straight vertical lines are drawn free-hand. These thick parallel stripes eventually become narrow threads arranged in a spiral design. It's all a matter of how you twist the wrist.

"Twist the glass one way," Fritz Lampl explains, "and the glass rods will stand proud and give a heavy ridged effect. Twist it another way and these strips melt into the base."

One wineglass consists of four or more separate parts which must be fused together. Here the secret is in keeping the parts to be fused at an equal, and very hot, temperature.

"Watch the colour of the flame," Lampel says, but the exact moment to bring the two pieces together can only be judged after long practice and bins full of shattered glass.

One Lampl masterpiece is a candlestick for five candles consisting of eleven separate pieces fused into one whole. It required two or three days' work to complete and even when finished there was always the risk of its exploding as it cooled. "Tension develops. Then, as the glass cools, there comes a snap and a day's work is lost."

Mental tension is another factor. Ben George says he once completed forty-eight wineglasses one after another but he'll never try it again. The concentration left him limp. Now he alternates between glassware and blowing bits of feminine frippery like glass hat pins and perfume bottles.

Britons Have The Knack

"There have never been such gifted workers as the British," Lampl declares after watching Ben George in the Lampl Oxford workshop. "All people tell me that the British have lost their craft but it is not so. It is only buried. Though there is nothing so difficult as free-hand glassblowing, I have never had such skilled workers as I find in England."

The Oxford workshop is Fritz Lampl's pride. The Kilburn shop where buttons and ornaments are made is what he calls his bread and butter headquarters. Both involve finding new shapes for glass—the first artificial product invented by man.

"Imagine life without glass," Lampl declares. "It has been incredibly important to man and yet it's so familiar it arouses little interest. After all, what is glass but some sand and ashes mixed together? And look at the fun you can have with it."

For five minutes on Bowfell they were able to look down with wonder on the spreading world that stretched below. Then the clouds came

Going down

by DUDLEY HOYS

ILLUSTRATED BY ROWLAND HILDER

In the harsh, rugged country of the fells, a little knowledge can be dangerous—even for a professor

A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE is a dangerous thing, but it seems that a lot of knowledge can be dangerous, too. Sometimes very clever visitors come to this dale of ours, and comment in an amused way about our old-fashioned methods of farming. They are so full of the latest scientific developments, they tend to imagine that those who lived before them were all fools.

Professor Conshaw was rather like that. A tall, thin man, with a face resembling Charles I and a superior smile, he held some Chair of Economics, and on his holidays cared to walk about the fells. He brought a party up to stay at the Fox, and on their first day took them for a mild ramble as a preparation for their more strenuous trek to Bowfell the day after.

It was the clipping season, and old John Brew at Fold End happened to be oiling some shears as Conshaw and his friends were passing. Conshaw looked over the dry-stone wall, and gave him good morning, and hinted that hand-clipping was out of date. Brew said nothing. There was no particular reason why he should waste breath by explaining that they could clip just as quickly with these, and that it was easier to leave a thin "vest" of wool on the sheep, a very necessary protection for flocks on heights that could turn bitterly cold even in mid-summer.

Conshaw pointed at an ancient byre built of granite chunks and whispered: "Look at that. Dark, no air. He ought to take advantage of the Hill Farming Improvements Act and put up something big and spacious."

Brew heard the whisper. He could have pointed out that cattle like warmth, and up here six months of the year can be pretty savage, and it is cosier to live in a snug little house than a chilly castle. But all he did was to glance at the sky and say: "'Tis fairin' up."

"You think so? Good. I hope it's really fine tomorrow. We're doing Bowfell."

"Ay? I'm gatherin' that way, too."

"We may see you, then," said Conshaw, and nodded. "Morning."

The others wanted to know what "gatherin'" meant. Conshaw told them how several men with their dogs went out upon the heights to drive the sheep down into the dale. He gave his opinion about the Herdwicks and crossbred Swaledales, and suggested it was about time they introduced new strains of sheep that would give better quality wool.

"Perhaps, dear," said his wife, "they're the only kinds that can find a living up here. It's very wild and sparse, isn't it?"

In fact, her amateur guess was right, but her husband did some tolerant pooh-poohing.

The following morning brought a disappointment. It was warm and grey, with an effect of smeariness about the tops. Obviously the ceiling of cloud might drift lower.

"Never mind," said Conshaw briskly. "With a compass we'll have nothing to worry about."

"You don't think we'll get lost, dear?" said his wife.

"With a compass?" He glanced around at the rest of his party and laughed. "Don't be silly."

They set off with sandwiches. Nearing Fold End they saw John Brew and a couple of other men, hazel crooks on their arms, preparing to leave.

"Morning," said Conshaw. "Inclined to be misty."

"Ay."

"Even you fellows must find things difficult if it gets thick. I suppose in this weather you take a compass?"

"Nay."

"You don't!"

"Nay. Compass is no use."

"Isn't it incredible?" said Conshaw when they were out of earshot. "And isn't it typical? His father never used

one, and his father never did, and so on, and so a compass is no good. Sheer blind, bigoted tradition."

"Perhaps he can't read one, dear," said his wife.

"Then he should learn. There must be times when even local knowledge of the fells can't cope with bad mist."

They plodded on, keeping to the track above the river, crossing sprawls of slurry and rock-strewn patches. Above them the fell-breast was a riot of bracken and perched boulders. Conshaw had planned the walk to be a circuit, ascending by Three Tarns and returning by Ure Gap. When they reached the breath-testing clamber up to Three Tarns he drove them on with amiable tyranny, determined to gain the summit of Bowfell before the cloud blotted out the splendour of the view.

They topped Bowfell with five minutes of visibility to spare, and beheld the wonder of the spreading world three thousand feet below.

On the descent to Ure Gap the cloud overtook them, grey-white, damp and muffling. It shut down their view to thirty yards, beaded the bent grass with diamonds of moisture, magnified the boulders, and brought a queer hush.

Conshaw took out his compass. "Without this," he said, laughing, "we might have got ourselves in a mess. I'd be highly amused if our hide-bound Brew lost himself for an hour or so."

"You do know the way, dear," said his wife a trifle anxiously.

Conshaw laughed again. "Impossible to miss it. It's a slow, steady descent for a thousand feet, and the compass will keep us right. Sou'sou'west is our line."

FOR a while they walked quietly. A puzzled furrow was beginning to wrinkle Conshaw's forehead. A half-hour passed, and then one of the party, a man named Filkin, said diffidently:

"I don't know anything about it, of course, but we're not going down, are we? We're definitely going up."

Conshaw's voice was sharp: "I don't believe in arguing with a compass. This must be some slight rise on the general downward contour. We shall be dropping again in a minute."

They went on. The mist grew thicker. By the strain on their calf muscles and their breathing, it was plain they were still climbing. They could see no landmark, nothing but their immediate surrounding of rock and scree, and sad, wet, scanty herbage. Out of the blind hush a curlew gave its sudden, bubbling cry, and Mrs. Conshaw shivered a little.

"Are you sure you're going right, dear?" she said at last.

Conshaw said impatiently: "D'you think I don't know how to use a compass? I'm keeping on a sou'sou'west line, and that must bring us down to the dale."

All the same, he was showing signs of uneasiness, and after another five minutes Filkin said bluntly: "If you ask me, we're lost. You said we should be going down, and we aren't."

Somebody else said nervously: "Suppose we stumble over the precipice?"

"Suppose nothing of the sort," said Conshaw angrily.

The party stopped, and stood around him in a disconsolate circle. Most of them were aware of a great weariness.

"With all respect to the compass," said Filkin, "I'm not a bit happy about this."

"Listen!" said Conshaw's wife.

There were faint clattering sounds and the throaty blarings of sheep. The noises seemed to be passing diagonally in front of them.

"If those sheep are being driven," said Filkin, "there must be a man with them" He opened his mouth wide and yelled: "Hi, there!"

"Hi, there!" drifted back the reply rather eerily.

Mrs. Conshaw grimaced. "It's only an echo."

"No, it isn't," said Filkin. "There, hear that?"

A kind of twitter of relief rippled through the party. Steel-shod boots were ringing against the rocks. A dog moved wraith-like through the fringes of the mist, and a Herdwick ewe with her lamb, resenting this chivvying, turned and stamped her foot at the dog, and made a swinging butt.

A man loomed up. It was John Brew. They realized that he must have made a fast circuit in his gathering. He looked at Conshaw and said:

"Where's ta goin'?"

"Back to the dale."

"Tha's not. Tha's on Esk Pike."

"But how can we be? I'm moving sou'sou'west, and this compass——"

"I know nowt aboot that, but tha's on Esk Pike. Best follow me down Ure Gap."

Brew trudged on, and they kept close behind him. Conshaw was scowling and shaking his head.

"It's all very well," he whispered. "I agree these fellows know their local fells intimately. But they can make mistakes."

"Well, dear," said his wife soothingly, "we are going down, at any rate."

Conshaw bit his lip. "Yes. We're going down. But where to? I've been checking him up on the compass. He's heading due north. I can see him landing us up in Borrowdale. I tell you, he must be wrong. It doesn't make sense."

"But, surely, the dog would know his way home, dear, even without a compass. By instinct."

"The dog's merely going where it's told by Brew. You wait," he added darkly, "and see if we don't fetch up in Borrowdale."

The rest of the party was quite cheerful again. They laughed at an occasional stumble on slippery rock, and Mrs. Conshaw's reaction to the shrill, wild mewing of an unseen buzzard was one of pleased excitement.

The mist was thinning. Swiftly and yet somehow imperceptibly they emerged from it. A broken sheepfold squatted ahead of them, and beyond that was a flat, squelchy expanse. They recognized it gladly as a place they had passed to their left on the ascent.

Conshaw glared at the compass. "This is extraordinary. I simply can't understand."

Brew said: "Compass is nay use there."

"But don't be absurd, man! A compass——"

"Nay use there. One o' they geography chaps must have spelt name o' Ure Gap wrong long since. Proper name's Ore Gap. Ay." His eyes twinkled. "There's a gey lot o' iron ore in ground up there. Compass can't do nowt wi' that. Nay."

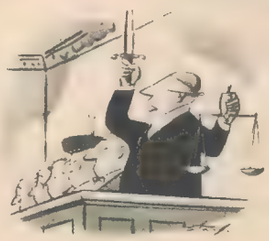
A BIGGER JOHN BULL NEXT MONTH

WITH the March 4 issue, JOHN BULL will have bigger pages and more of them. Watch out for details during the next fortnight.

What you should do *at once* to make sure of the enlarged JOHN BULL is to place a standing order for the magazine with your newsagent.

And tell your friends to sign on for it, too. All intending readers whose names are on newsagents' waiting lists will soon be able to get their copies.

NOW YOU KNOW



THE LOCAL ELECTORS' LISTS, which can be inspected at town halls or public libraries, not only show who is registered for a vote, but also who is qualified to serve on a jury.

If you are qualified, you will find a mark placed against your name on the lists.

Property owners or ratepayers who are natural-born British subjects between twenty-one and sixty may be called to sit on a jury, but members of certain professions—among them clergymen, doctors, lawyers, M.P.s—are exempt.

The law says that those selected for a jury must be given six days' notice to serve; in practice it's longer.

If a person is exempt by reason, say, of age, he must, nevertheless, attend when called—until and unless he is granted exemption.

Until recently a juryman was paid only a shilling a day for his services, which generally meant he was out of pocket. Now, however, a juror can claim an allowance for loss of earnings, for meals, overnight lodging and travelling expenses.

Jurors in waiting—those summoned but not actually called on to serve—can also claim.

UNIFORCE, THE GOOD MIXERS

Continued from page 8

vegetables served as separate courses, British conservatism raised its head again. Moreover, the French, in their blindness, entirely failed to appreciate the importance of four o'clock tea.

A few weeks ago, one of Fontainebleau's streets was filled with lights and the blare of dance music into the early hours of the morning. Everybody was there—it was a big occasion. For one year the staffs of five national armies—each a focal point of sovereignty, a stronghold of tradition—had been working together as one.

It was wonderful—but could it last? Just how *real* was this Uniforce?

Montgomery struck a warning note: "Nations must be prepared to suffer a small loss of sovereignty." But were they?

Soldiers Get Along, But—

A gunner could get along with a gunner, a signaller with a signaller, but behind the gunners and the signallers were the politicians. And they had axes to grind. There were budgets to be squabbled over. For severals weeks France was without a Government.

Nevertheless, despite Communism, despite de Gaullism, despite every other ism, something new in Europe was born at Fontainebleau. You could feel it in the enthusiasm, the practical idealism of everyone you met there.

Very slowly, from Fontainebleau, a new tide of hope is spreading across Europe. In 1945 no army was ever more broken, bitter, empty than the French. Half its officers had passed their war in prison camps. Its equipment was scattered. Worst of all, it had all happened just once too often.

That was five years ago. Today, this is still an army clad in other armies' uniforms. Scarcely a battalion does not have to make do with a "Fred Karno" assortment of machine guns—captured, superannuated, borrowed.

But the soldiers of France are holding up their heads again.

The train that carried me to Fontainebleau was packed with French conscripts. At half-past seven on a cold, drizzling morning, they stood in the corridors at the Gare de Lyon singing choruses with tremendous verve while an n.c.o. conducted on the platform.

It was hard to see what they had to sing about. Their pay in the army would be a few francs a day. Their parents would have to give them pocket money. They came from all sorts of homes and were on their way to one of the now famous "light camps"—the instrument designed by de Lattre de Tassigny for the moral and physical rebuilding of the French Army.

Arriving somewhere in the depths of the open countryside, they would spend their first six months as a new community, living in well-lighted, well-equipped "chalets," carefully sited to ensure a view. There are now nearly sixty of these "light camps" dotted about France and the colonies.

Parents Watched Mock Battle

On the day I visited Fontainebleau, fifty miles away at the "light camp" at Frileuse, watched by proud parents, wives and sweethearts, the new batch of one-month conscripts were clawing their way up slippery slopes, swinging from high cables, crawling under barbed wire as bullets whined past their heads, fighting their way round *la piste du risque*—the now standard French battle inoculation.

And, now, from across the Atlantic and from Europe's own factories, the tanks, the jet-fighters, the atom-bombers, the machine guns, and mines and rifles are beginning to flow.

Is all this marshalling of forces, all this detailed planning of Armageddon bringing war nearer? Is Uniforce a threat?

In every country of Western Europe for the last four years many eyes have been turned fearfully eastwards to where 170 Soviet divisions stood, a few days' drive away, ready to roll.

Between the Red Army's massed tanks and the Atlantic Ocean stood nothing but one or two ill-assorted divisions of small and impoverished nations, floundering, divided, planless.

The people of Western Europe lay in a trance of impotency and despair.

Sitting around their trestle-tables in the old courtyard at Fontainebleau the men of Uniforce have broken that trance. But they have done more.

Here, thirty-seven miles south-east of Paris in this sleepy little town which enshrines so much of Europe's past, a new epoch in European history is today being opened. At Fontainebleau, the soldiers, sailors and airmen of five nations have made Western Union for the first time a plain workaday fact. Where they lead, others will follow.

Tom Hollins at a home for deprived children. Danger lies where parents don't *realize* they're being cruel

Cruelty to children—the man who steps in

by EDWIN PACKER

An anonymous letter or a police call sends Tom Hollins, "the cruelty bloke," to the rescue of a beaten-up child or a baby locked up alone in a house

THE MIDDLE-AGED clean-shaven man with kindly blue eyes and a stern mouth was thinking of bed when he heard the letter-box flap. He went into the hall and picked up a piece of folded paper. "Mrs. Blank, of Main Street, you know the one, has gone gallivanting off for the weekend and has locked the kiddies in the house," it read. It was unsigned.

Tom Hollins, M.B.E., the inspector of the Wolverhampton branch of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, put on his hat and mac, told his wife not to wait up for him, and walked briskly up the street through the rain. For him, as for the other 270 of the Society's inspectors, it was nothing out of the ordinary to be called upon at night to investigate a possible instance of child neglect or ill-treatment.

His cases come to him in many ways—a note thrust through the door, a letter from the probation officer, a message from a member of the Society's branch committee, a telephone call from the police, a conversation with the education welfare officer. But it is the general public which supplies most of the information. During 1949 it reported more than half of the 40,000 cases investigated by the Society in which over 100,000 children were concerned. Less than one per cent of the information was found to be untrue.

Cautious About Telling

"People don't tell us unless they're sure," says Inspector Hollins. "They don't like making trouble for other folk. Neighbours will talk to each other about a neglectful mother and will show sympathy with the neglected child, but it is often months before somebody takes the initiative and asks me to investigate."

But when it is known for certain that a child is being cruelly treated the response is immediate. Tom Hollins recalls a minor incident which occurred in Yorkshire before he came to Wolverhampton. "A boy working on a farm some thirty-five miles from my office was severely kicked by the farmer. Next day two letters reached me from people living at opposite ends of the village telling me about it."

Many informants do not make their identity known because they think it will get them into trouble with the person they have complained about. Their fears are groundless, for the Society never reveals the source of its information.

N.S.P.C.C. inspectors are on duty day and night, seven days a week, high days and holidays. Tom Hollins was called away from his fireside on Boxing Day to visit a house on the outskirts of the town. There he found three young children being looked after by a man of seventy-five.

Their mother had said on Christmas Eve that she was going out for a few minutes and asked the old man to keep an eye on the kiddies. She did not return. She was separated from her husband and had been granted the legal custody of the children.

Tom Hollins traced the father, who was living with relatives some miles away, and the children were placed temporarily in his care. When the youngsters had been taken to their father's house, and sleeping arrangements completed to his satisfaction, Tom went back to his own home.

But his work for the day was not finished. He had to enter full details of the incident in his plaint book. It is a rule of the Society that records must be kept up to date so that, in an emergency, a relief officer can take over and know how every case stands.

A List Of "Don'ts"

Entry into the service is akin to entering a religious order. An inspector undertakes on appointment not to frequent public houses; not to smoke on duty; not to gamble or keep bad company; not to identify himself actively with any political work. Laxity of morals or getting into debt are grounds for dismissal.

After six months' training, the inspector, who has to be at least thirty years of age, will start at a weekly wage of £5 3s. which rises to £7 5s. 6d. after fifteen years' service. The Society provides him with his uniform and a house in which he lives rent free.

Many inspectors have been regulars in a branch of the Services. Tom Hollins served in the Royal Navy, rising from the ranks to be Chief of Police, Lieutenant at Arms. He retired in 1926 and entered the messenger service of Barclays Bank.

But he was not settled. Vaguely he felt that he ought to be doing something of greater service to the community. A friend suggested N.S.P.C.C. work and Tom's interest was immediately aroused. He had four sons and a daughter and knew the value of happy family life. A few weeks later he had enrolled and started his training.

His first case began with a fight. On relief work in London he noticed a child playing in the gutter, her head covered with sores. The parents lived on the first floor of a nearby house.

Tom Hollins went there and called up the stairs to ask if he could go up. The child's father looked down into the hall and then, without saying a word, leapt over the banisters. He landed neatly on the inspector's back.

"I lost the first round," says Hollins, chuckling, "but won the rest."

Prison Did Good

When the case was investigated the parental neglect was so appalling that the Society authorized a prosecution, and the man was sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

Two years later, while travelling on the Underground, Tom Hollins found himself being scrutinized by a man sitting opposite. As he got up to leave the train this man stopped him.

"I know you," he said, "you're the cruelty bloke what sent me down. Well, it did me good. I'm looking after me kids properly now."

Court proceedings are instituted in

less than three per cent of cases, for the N.S.P.C.C. prides itself on being a preventive, not a punitive, organization. Neglectful parents are given every chance to mend their ways. Food, clothing, beds and bedding are frequently provided for needy cases, and inspectors do their utmost to find fresh accommodation for families living in wretched conditions.

"Talk about providing beds," says Tom, his blue eyes twinkling, "some years back I had to remove two children from a home which had no furniture. I placed them temporarily with a kindly foster-mother, and saw them tucked up in bed after a much-needed bath. Next morning it was found that they had taken the bedclothes off the bed and had slept on the floor. Never having been in a bed before they were frightened of falling out."

Alone In The House

It is not always the back street that houses neglectful parents. An anonymous telephone message a few weeks ago caused Inspector Hollins to visit a house in one of the best residential districts of Wolverhampton. The allegation that the householder and his wife went out nearly every night leaving children in the house alone was found to be true.

"The parents said they had not given the matter a thought," says Hollins. "The children never wakened up after they had been put to bed, but, as I pointed out, we've got to guard against what might happen. Young children should never be left in a house on their own."

Records show that cruelty towards children has increased in the past thirty years. At the end of the first World War cases of ill-treatment averaged 2,350 a year. Today the figure is nearly 4,000.

But in the opinion of Tom Hollins the most serious danger to child health comes today from parents who do not know they are being cruel to their children and are indignant when told about it.

"I was called out a month ago to a house where a man had thrown his supper at his wife and the plate had cut her severely about the face. There were three children in the family. I could find no fault with the way they were being clothed and fed but all three were suffering from nerves in one form or another. The girl is a persistent bed-wetter, the oldest boy is very excitable and defiant, and the youngest lad suffers from a neurosis for which he is having treatment.

"The worst thing parents can do," says Tom Hollins, "is to quarrel and fight between themselves. Such scenes have a very harmful effect on the health and disposition of children who witness them."

Tom Hollins's forthright approach and unruffled demeanour are invaluable in handling the stream of messages and callers, and in his constant contact with neglect and dirt.

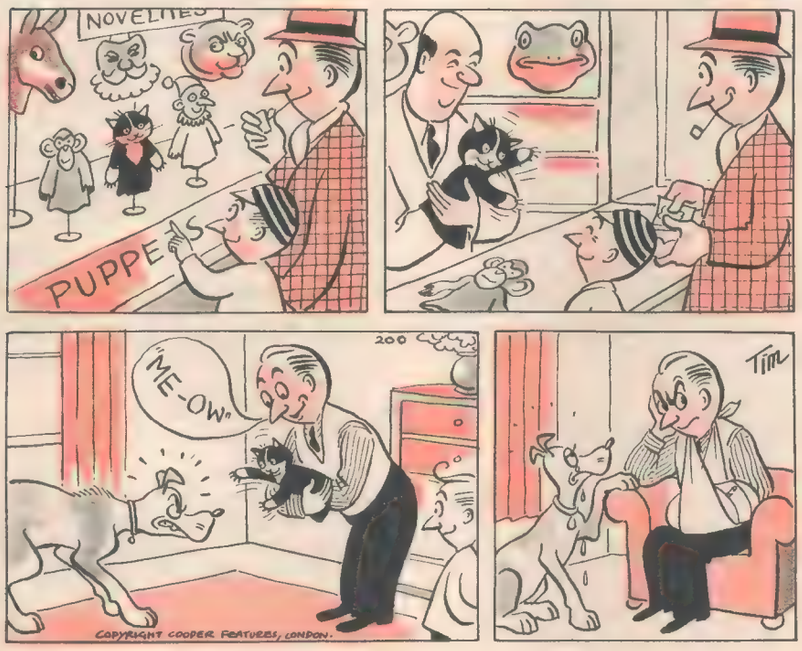
"I went into a house the other day," he recalls, "and saw fleas hopping about in the bath like steeplechasers. The scalp of one of the girls was alive. When I got home I had to take off my clothes in an outhouse to avoid bringing any fellow-travellers into the house." That often happens.

The Society is maintained by voluntary contributions and funds raised by the honorary workers attached to the 225 local branches spread throughout England, Wales, Ulster and Eire. Scotland has its own societies for dealing with cruelty to children.

Current expenditure has been so heavy in recent years that an annual deficit ranging from £30,000 to £60,000 has had to be met from legacy-income which was intended for future developments. The N.S.P.C.C. needs money badly to do the work of educating the ignorant and reforming the callous parents in our midst.

Paradoxically, it hopes that this work will, in time, render the existence of the Society unnecessary.

OH, JOHNNY! by TIM



Just by way of summing up

by **HERBERT HODGE**

DURING THE PAST four years, I have written 200 articles, on nearly as many subjects, in this JOHN BULL series. Now I'm breaking off so as to be able to concentrate on a book I want to write.

As this is the last article in the series, I thought I'd make it a summing-up of what I've been trying to say here during those four years.

Looking through the articles again, I can see I've had four favourite themes, which I have returned to again and again: Work, Women, Religion and Politics—the four most important things in a man's life, whatever their proper order.

My general theme, of course, has been the art of happy living. I can't claim to have entirely solved that problem, but I'm convinced the solution begins with finding the right work and the right mate.

For a man, I think the work comes before the woman—though, for a woman, the right man is probably more important than the right work. A woman seems willing to put up with almost anything, provided she's living with the right man. But if a man can't find any satisfaction in his work, he can seldom find lasting satisfaction in any other side of his life.

One of the mistakes we've tended to make over the past fifty years, I think, is the attempt to find our greatest satisfactions in our leisure time, and to look on work as something that must necessarily be wearisome and dull. Until more of us learn to find our chief satisfaction in our work I don't think we can hope for any great increase in human happiness. The feeling that the job we are doing in the world is important and worth while is the foundation of the feeling that life is worth while; and the feeling that one's life is worth while is the very soul of living.

Readers Who've Disagreed

Which brings me to politics. Politics, in this country at least, is the art of governing ourselves so that we may live as happily as possible together; and includes, or should include, the art of production as well as the art of distribution. Side by side with the political articles I've written here, I've got the letters from readers who have disagreed with me.

Most of these readers seem puzzled that a man who is always advocating the greatest possible freedom for the individual can also be a Socialist. How, they ask, can I possibly believe in individual freedom and State-run industry at one and the same time? Well, the answer, as I see it, is very simple.

At the present stage in the world's history, the choice is not between private competition and State ownership, but between private monopoly and public control. If we want to produce enough to satisfy our present material needs we've got to use the modern method of mass-production. And mass-production requires large-scale operation. Intelligent capitalists no longer compete. They combine.

So the question before us as I see it, is whether these huge modern combines shall be run solely in the interests, and at the whim of, a few private individuals, or whether they shall be run under public ownership for the benefit of us all. Public ownership seems to me the only sensible answer. What we make of it is up to us. The mere change of ownership won't alter the industry itself. What it will do is to give us the power to make the necessary improvements—if we've got the common sense and determination to do it.

The amount of individual freedom we achieve within the framework of public ownership will depend on ourselves. But the amount of individual freedom we get inside a private combine depends almost entirely on the whims of its bosses. I think anyone who has worked for a large private combine will agree with me in that.

I'm Sure It's Right

There's also the Socialist policy of "fair shares," which several readers have taken me up on. Why do I believe the ordinary labourer is as much entitled to the material comforts of life as the architect or the doctor?

That brings me to my last main theme—religion. Perhaps it should have come first—but, life being what it is, you've got to appease the belly before you can start cultivating the soul.

The reason I support the policy of "fair shares" is that, religiously speaking, I believe it's right. It isn't a thing I can argue about. It's simply something I know. I know it as surely as I know I'm alive.

But that's one of the very few things I do feel sure of in religion. Many readers have written to me during these past four years to point out the one true path. But at the end of every religious path I've explored there has always been something I couldn't quite swallow. As I've pointed out here before, I'm evidently a born doubter.

However, I'm still hoping. During the coming months I expect to be travelling about the country gathering material for my book, and that will give me the opportunity to do something I've wanted to do for a long time—meet and talk with some of my readers personally.

Meanwhile, I feel the best I can wish you all at this moment is the traditional cabman's farewell: "Be lucky!"

The stars' private show

by R. J. MINNEY

Few people ever see the famous Green Room Rag. But it has more top-liners than a West End revue—and many of the sketches are snapped up by producers in the audience

THREE TIMES EACH year the theatre managers of London's West End queue up for the privilege of giving their theatres away for a night. And, on the same three occasions, the brightest names of the stage elbow one another for a chance to appear—also without pay—in a gay little frolic which relatively few people ever see.

This is the Green Room Rag. A show put on thrice yearly by members of the Green Room Club—"A mysterious resort of theatrical people of the male sex," as Arnold Bennett put it—for the purpose of raising funds for needy actors and actresses.

The Rag, explains Charles Farrell, who has himself been an actor for thirty-six of his forty-one years, holds a special place in the esteem of professional actors. It is, he says, better than most revues that reach the West End. "What management could afford to pay the casts we get free?" he asks. Then he strings off a long list of names of those who have taken part: Sid Field, Harold Warrender, Joe E. Brown, Bill Johnson, Jerry Desmond, Wallas Eaton, Brenda Bruce, Laurence Olivier, Richard Murdoch, Kenneth Horne and many others.

Man Behind It

Farrell is probably the Rag's best unpaid Press agent. He has, since the end of the war, been its business manager and chairman of the Green Room Rag Committee. In addition, he has had to take on the job of honorary secretary George Street who has been in hospital since December.

To top this off he is also treasurer of British Equity, the theatre's trade union, and is playing an important rôle in *New England Night*, a play at the New Lindsey Theatre, which has had a mixed reception from critics. And, since the next Green Room Rag is just around the corner—it is scheduled for the Princes Theatre on the first Sunday in March—he is now looking as harassed as he sometimes does in his comic stage parts.

The Rag alone has kept him strenuously busy. For the current one he had first to fix a date that would suit everybody—and then postpone it several weeks because of the Election. Then he had to select a theatre with great care, lest some anxious manager's feelings should be hurt.

After that a Rag-picker is chosen. He is the man who, nominally, sponsors the show.

"The aim," says Farrell, "is to give some sort of form and pattern to the Rag. We don't want it to be just a jumbled variety bill." The most important ingredients are sketches, which are usually humorous and often burlesque a current play.

The empty spaces in the programme are filled with individual or group turns. If there is a pattern, these turns carry on the theme. Through the years practically every performer of note has taken part in one Rag or another, from Tommy Handley and Gracie Fields to the Bernard Brothers and Dolores Gray and Bill Johnson. The latter two made their British début in a Rag before *Annie Get Your Gun* opened at the Coliseum.

Joe E. Brown ready for a Rag. Current plays are often burlesqued

The sketches, which like the turns always have to be original, are by no means easy to get. Many brilliant sketches have been first presented at a Rag, then bought for showing to the public in a revue or musical.

Charlot used to buy many of them for his revues. More recently, *The Green Eye of the Little Yellow God* was bought by Firth Shephard for Leslie Henson and Cyril Ritchard.

"For the coming Rag I advertised in the theatrical papers for sketches," Farrell says. "I received nearly four thousand. But more than a third were written by hand, most of them illegible. Only two were possible—both by well-known writers. Where is the talent hiding?"

Farrell's biggest headache is arranging for the distribution of tickets. At first the show was for members of the Green Room Club and their friends only. More recently the Green Room Rag Society was formed to make a limited number of tickets available to non-Club members.

Three hundred belong to the society and pay half a guinea a year for the privilege of applying for tickets at normal theatre prices. Applications are sometimes so heavy that all cannot be satisfied and, as a result, there are dozens of phone calls at Rag time from people who want tickets.

Inevitably, Farrell has to deal with last-minute mishaps. Not long ago, three days before a Rag, he learned that American comedian Jack Durant would not be able to appear. He had been suddenly moved to fill a gap in a bill in Glasgow.

After a hurried telephone consultation with the committee, Farrell hurried to Golders Green and interviewed George Lacey just as he was leaving for the Hippodrome. Far from feeling offended at this last-minute invitation, Lacey jumped at the chance to take part in the Rag.

"But a worse blow than that," Farrell declares, "came when I learned on Sunday morning, the day of the show, that Maria D'Attila had lost her voice. I had a word with George Brand, who describes himself as 'The Biggest Thing in Conjuring'—he is six feet six tall and weighs twenty stone. He stepped right into the breech."

First Profit: 4s. 2d.

The Rags were started by three members of the Green Room Club, the late Martin Sabine, Jack Hobbs and Franklin Dyall. They put on the first Rag at the Little Theatre in the Adelphi in 1922. Profit was 4s. 2d.

The second Rag, held a few months later, raised 35s. Now the average from each show is a comfortable £400, and since the start, these Rags have raised £25,000 for the Green Room Benevolent Fund, the Actors' Benevolent Fund and the Theatrical Ladies' Guild.

For many years both performers and audiences consisted of men only. Men played all the women's parts and, in the course of a riotous evening, busts inevitably got displaced and bloomers came tumbling down. One famous actress wanted so badly to get in to see what was going on that she dressed up as a man. Later, when women were allowed both on stage and off, the fun was sustained by having the women play men and the men play women.

Funniest Turn

Farrell likes to remember a sketch called *The Babies' Club* which he considers to have been one of the funniest in any Rag. The scene represented the lounge of a West End club. Club members were Leslie Henson, Davy Burnaby, Reggie Purdell, Austin Melford—who wrote it—and others, all dressed as infants. It was played seriously and there was no baby talk.

One of the babes, after the usual, "What'll you have, old man?" ordered a round of drinks from the waiter—"One Horlicks and two Ovaltines, please."

"We have run out of Ovaltines, sir."

"Good Lord! And you call this a gentleman's club!"

When the drinks had to be signed for, the host looked at the others. "By the way," he asked, "can any of you chaps write?" Each baby looked sheepishly at his hands. Then one announced proudly: "I can draw a horse."

Another promptly capped this statement. "I," he said, "can eat coal."

A FOREST OF EYES

by VICTOR CANNING

ILLUSTRATED BY ALEXANDER OLIPHANT

With the escape from Jugoslavia now planned, it was imperative that Hudson should contact "Mr. X." And somewhere in the town was a clue that could help him

SEARCHLIGHTS WEAVING above his head, Robert Hudson swam strongly below water. Behind him, on the island where he and Raikes had parted company to run for it, shooting was going on. Well, it was up to Raikes now. Hudson had to get back to the hotel before his presence was missed. But much was yet to happen that night. . . .

The story had started for Hudson a few days before, when, holidaying with Raikes at Dubrovnik while awaiting the completion of an engineering contract, he had learned that Raikes was a British agent. The news had come dramatically. A shattered body, wearing Raikes's wrist watch, had been found near an exploded land mine.

As Hudson now knew, the body was that of Luca, a fisherman. Raikes had taken the opportunity to disappear and hide out on the island of Lokrum.

Raikes's mission was to engineer the escape of an international spy. He asked Hudson's help in contacting the man who was staying at Hudson's hotel.

On the island, Raikes was looked after by Yelitsa, who was married to the dead man's brother, Tulio. But Yelitsa had been secretly in love with the dead man, and to avenge him she wrote anonymously to the police, betraying Raikes's whereabouts.

When Hudson had swum over to learn further details about the mission, they had been ambushed, and Raikes, unknown to Hudson, was killed.

Now, swimming back to the hotel, with police boats searching for him, Hudson saw that the hotel's terrace was lined with spectators. There was no escape that way. After hurriedly dressing in his hidden clothes, he tried to reach the road through the grounds of an adjoining villa. But with his pursuers drawing in, he was forced to enter the villa itself.

He made it just a few minutes before the police—but in that time he met Madame Androsh, elderly owner of the villa, who daringly gave him an alibi. He learned that she was the grandmother of Franja Pazan, a girl who was in love with him.

But he still did not know the identity of the spy he had to contact—and all he knew of the escape details was that Sandro, the father of the dead fisherman, would take "Mr. X" by boat to Italy when the time was ripe.

What he did know emphatically was that O.Z.N.A., the Secret Police, had two men on his track—Vladimir Zarko, the local police chief, an affable, easy-going, but shrewd type, and Milo Lepovitch, a cold-blooded political careerist especially assigned by Belgrade.

So far he was safe. But the next move was up to him.

PART IV

Trip To The Mortuary

ALL the way up the stairs from the mortuary to Zarko's room not a word had been spoken between them. They had come up, under the libidinous eyes of Bacchus, watched by the algae-draped tritons and the bright, precocious stares of the cupids and cherubs.

The sentry at the top of the stairs had stiffened, saluted, and followed them with his eyes.

In his office, Zarko shut the door behind Hudson and waited. Hudson said nothing. He went to the window and as he stared out he lit himself a cigarette. Ruthlessly, Zarko had shown him Raikes's body, hoping to shock him and waiting for some slip. He still waited.

"You see, Mr. Hudson. We were right—about Raikes, at least." Zarko could wait no longer; silence was an embarrassment to him.

Hudson turned from the window. The real death of Raikes had not shocked him. At this moment he knew that he had half-expected it ever since he had left the island. But he was conscious of a real loss.

He stood looking up at the photograph of Tito on the far wall. Underlying all the other thoughts in his mind, he found himself wondering whether these photographs were supplied free to all public offices or whether they had to be bought. Then he asked sharply:

"How was he killed?" A picture of Raikes's naked body on the cold slab burned into his mind.

"Escaping. We had to shoot. He was making for the water, hoping to swim to the mainland from the island." Zarko watched him closely and the burden of the enigma which this man presented pressed heavily on him.

"The island?" The tone was flat, revealing nothing.

"Didn't you know he was on Lokrum?"

"No, I did not." It was hard to say it—for between the spoken lie and the lie he acted every day there was a curious difference. Zarko said nothing, and the silence between them suddenly became unbearable to Hudson. He went on: "How did you discover he was there?"

Zarko ignored the question. "I think it would be better if we assumed that Raikes's death occurred six days ago. I will see that this second burial takes place discreetly. You would like to be present?"

Hudson nodded. "I would." He moved towards the door and Zarko came with him.

"I'm sorry about all this, Mr. Hudson. Let's hope that this is the end—for both of us—of a very unpleasant affair."

They shook hands and Hudson went out.

Zarko closed the door on him. He stood scratching the back of his head reflectively. Then he shrugged his shoulders and went back to his desk. Reaching underneath it, he switched off the microphone extension. Lepovitch came in, dropped swiftly into one of the leather chairs and waited for Zarko to speak. Zarko reached for the *rakia* bottle and poured two glasses. They both drank. After a moment Zarko dropped his elbows to the desk and rubbed his chin.

"You heard him?"

"Yes." Lepovitch's reply came slowly. "Whatever he is or isn't—he's a clever man."

"One thing is very clear. We've reached a point now when we must assume that he is guilty."

"I never assumed anything else."

"At the beginning of an affair it's wise to keep an open mind. The moment we get one fact which proves that he knows something he must be taken in. Belgrade will make him talk. One fact, Lepovitch, one absolute fact — and then they can have him. But they won't thank us for giving them a man who has nothing to say."

He paused, eyeing the stiff figure, the lean, hard face and the still, grey eyes behind the polished spectacles, and as some compensation for the enforced repression of his own good nature, he went on: "Of course, if you'd like to recommend to them that they take that risk now, I won't stand in your way. . . ."

Lepovitch wriggled slightly as though a cold hand had touched the warmth of his neck. The grey eyes avoided Zarko. Then the man shook his head.

"No. We can't accept that responsibility yet."

THE barber's assistant nodded to the empty chair and Hudson came forward and sat down.

"Just trim me up around the back of the neck and then a shampoo."

"Very good. . . ." The man's hand touched the top of his head, bending him forward, and he felt the cold flick of scissors. He could hear the steady whirr of the electric fan above the long mirror over the wall basins and the irregular flapping of the coloured streamers that were tied to its grill.

The drone of voices from the waiting customers at the back of the shop, the chatter of the assistants, the sudden snarl of hot water frothing into a basin, made a confused background for the urgency of his thoughts.

The assistant came round the chair side and tipped Hudson's chin up, and in the mirror before him he met the eyes of Sandro Venetti, who was sitting in the next chair. The two faces were fixed in the glass; no movement touched them, but in that moment they understood one another.

Sandro's assistant pushed the great head back and began to trim the bushy beard. In the mirror Hudson saw the reflection of the open doorway and, leaning against it, reading a newspaper, the man who had been following him all the morning, his old friend with the patched shoe. He smiled openly, and the assistant, mistaking the look, began to talk.

"On holiday?"

"Yes."

"Swiss?"

"What makes you think so?'

"Your accent. Maybe" — a little quieter now—"the look of your shoes."

Hudson grunted, giving neither yes nor no.

"The Swiss pick up languages easily, but there's always the accent. Good engineers. A lot in this country just now. . . ."

The man's chatter was a cover to Hudson's thoughts. That morning when he had left Zarko, he had found his mind made up. Raikes was dead and he acknowledged the obligation to carry on and finish what he had started. There was someone in the hotel whose escape was of great importance. Sandro, who knew how the escape was to be done, might also know who the man at the hotel was. One thing had emerged clearly. He had to talk to Sandro.

He had sat on the quay wall and watched the crowd around Sandro's fish stall thin, and when Sandro had packed up and moved into the town he had followed him down the main boulevard. He had seen Sandro go into a barber's shop. For a moment he had loitered at a shop window examining the cheap woodwork decorated with brightly painted flowers and the rings and bracelets in which there was still some trace of the fine designs of the past which had inspired them. Behind him would be his follower.

Now, he was sitting in the chair next to Sandro and wondering how he could approach him without raising the suspicions of the watcher who lolled in the sunlit doorway, reading his paper.

"Never know what to do with a holiday. Don't you find that?"

Hudson stirred in his chair.

"The whole point of a holiday is to do nothing about it."

The assistant sucked at his cheek. "You sit around at home and you know you're in the way. Your wife finds jobs for you and you end up by working harder than ever."

The assistant who was working on Sandro looked across. "Anyone who finds a holiday difficult ought to have his head examined. Go and work on one of the new railways, or take a cultural trip."

"If you were married——" Hudson's assistant got no further.

"Then my wife would come along, too! Culture, it's a great thing. You've got to travel to get it. Last year I went up to Split. Place is full of culture."

Hudson's assistant groaned humorously. "Stop him, someone."

Hudson heard Sandro chuckle deep in his beard and his voice boomed out: "Culture's a great thing. Jokan here's right. We should all get it. But the best place for culture. . . ." Sandro paused (was it a mocking echo intended only for himself, Hudson thought, as though Sandro were saying: "But the best place for rock bass . . ."?) and then the deep voice went on, ". . . is a museum."

Jokan broke in: "Oh, the museum at Split now. . . ."

Sandro cocked his head over as Jokan began to trim above his ears, and Hudson saw the dark, lively eyes reflected in the mirror.

"What's wrong with the museum here? I've spent many an afternoon in it. You can learn a lot there."

The eyes held Hudson in the glass and momentarily the tip of a pink tongue edged between the bearded lips as though the man were savouring some faint trace of salt left by the sea winds.

"If I asked my wife to spend an afternoon like that. . . ." The assistant breathed heavily, rolled his eyes and when

The voice from the sedan chair was so low that it hardly reached him. Hudson gave a faint warning sign. At the door behind was his follower

the laughter died, went on solicitously to Hudson: "What shampoo will you have? Pine tar, eau-de-cologne, or our own special?"

"Eau-de-cologne." Hudson's head moved. Sandro's face was lost to him now, but the watcher at the door, leaning against the post, came into view, wrapped in a dreamy contemplation of his shoes, his body bathed in the angle of bright sunshine.

From where he stood he could have heard each word, but Hudson was sure that there had been nothing to rouse him. Culture, everyone talked about culture these days. It was a safe subject. Sandro had said nothing unusual, but the phrases were clear in Hudson's mind. "The best place . . . is a museum."

The assistant held Hudson's head over the basin and began to run the hot water for the shampoo, his fingers working against Hudson's scalp. Over the sound of the water and the other talk going on, Hudson heard Sandro rise and move away from the chair, and then his voice, booming and jocular: "Well, Jokan, if you're free tomorrow afternoon, I'll take you along to the museum and show you that it's better than anything Split can offer."

"I'm a barber, not a fisherman. I work in the afternoons."

"But what do you do at night? Eh, Jokan? What about the nights, when I'm working? Are you out looking for culture then?" Sandro's laugh echoed loudly, a rich rumble of sound which was taken up by others. Then he was gone. Hudson sat, enjoying the friction of fingers against his scalp. Sandro had made himself clear.

When the assistant had finished with him he paid and went to get his hat from a hook on the wall above the chairs where waiting customers sat. As he turned he saw that, sitting in one of the chairs, was the young honeymoon husband from the hotel. He must have entered while Hudson was being shampooed. He was deep in a book, a loose sheet of paper on the page to take the notes he made from time to time. At his side on an empty chair was a little pile of parcels.

As Hudson reached up for his hat, he flexed his knee and gave the chair a jerk. The parcels slid off to the ground. The man looked up hastily, recognizing Hudson, and frowned; but Hudson—aware of the watcher at the door and anxious to give him some occupation—smiled apologetically and bent down to help with the parcels.

As he picked them up, crouching on the ground, he murmured rapidly: "I'm so sorry. Very clumsy of me. Didn't see your parcels there. Hope there's nothing which could have been broken." A low murmur of sound, pitched so that the watcher could not hear, a whispered, confidential sequence of words in which any message might have been implied.

He saw a thin flare of anger in the young man's eyes as he protested against the help with the parcels. Then, as he stood up and, with a last apology, made for the door, he saw the watcher's face. He was interested, awakened for the first time that morning, looking beyond Hudson at the young man, a small frown on his face, his cheeks blown out gently in thought. Before Hudson could reach the door, he had lounged aside, folded his newspaper, and was pretending an interest in a dog that leisurely crossed the cobbles.

Hudson turned down the road, heading for the hotel, and the watcher began to follow him, rehearsing in his mind the phrases of his report to Comrade Zarko. In that moment while the parcels were picked up anything might have been said, or passed.

WHEN Sandro entered the living-room of the apartment in the Ulica Jesac, he found Tulio with his feet up on the kitchen table reflectively oiling and cleaning a revolver, the full magazine lying on the table by a flask of white Dalmatian wine. He was whistling gently to himself. He looked up, smiling at Sandro, but said nothing.

Sandro stood with his back to the door, watching him. He was very fond of Tulio, fonder than he had ever been of Luca.

Luca had been able to look after himself, but Tulio—his glance went to the plush-framed picture on the wall — was more like his dead wife, Carlotta. Tulio had to be looked after—though Sandro suspected that Tulio's apparent stupidity marked a form of mental sleep rather than a lack of capacity. One day something might waken him. Sandro hoped it would not happen today.

"You should lock the door before you bring that out to clean."

Sandro went over to the table and poured himself a glass of wine. He sat down opposite Tulio and began to feel for the words which all morning he had known he would have to use.

Tulio ignored the reprimand. "Some day I hope I get the chance to use it. I clean it and I oil it, but I never use it. That's all wrong."

"You thought you might have had to use it this morning, didn't you?" Sandro could follow Tulio's thoughts.

Tulio kept his eyes on the weapon. "The whole town knows a man was killed on the island last night. We know it was Raikes. If they've taken him, why shouldn't they be coming for us?"

Sandro drank a little of his wine. "If they'd known about us, they would have come for us at the same time." Sandro paused, then went on: "Listen, Tulio—I want to talk to you. It isn't going to be easy for either of us, not easy for me to say it and not easy for you to hear. . . ."

Tulio dropped his feet from the table and reached for the magazine. He slipped it back, his eyes now on his father, then pushed the revolver to one side as he poured himself a glass of wine.

"I'm listening."

"The Englishman Raikes was betrayed to the police. There are four people in Dubrovnik who could have done it. Me, you, the other Englishman, or Yelitsa. Was it you?"

Tulio laughed at that, but the laugh died as Sandro dropped his hand on the revolver and drew it towards him. Tulio looked quickly at his father's face. Then his fear was gone. His father was smiling

For the 3 out of 4★

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A FOREST OF EYES

Continued from previous page

as he answered for Tulio. "No, it wasn't you, Tulio, and it wasn't me. That leaves Yelitsa and the Englishman."

"We know nothing about him."

"But if he were working for the police and betrayed Raikes, he would have betrayed us as well. We'd have been taken by now. He's known about us for some days. There'd be no point in leaving us free. No, he didn't do it, Tulio."

"But that only leaves Yelitsa?" A frown creased Tulio's forehead, and Sandro knew he must lead him gently.

"I know."

"I don't believe it!"

"Don't you?"

"No." There was a stubborn note in Tulio's voice now.

"I do." Sandro leaned forward across the table, his face stern, holding Tulio's look steadily. "She could have done it, Tulio. An anonymous telephone call to the police, or a note slipped into the postbox. Nothing to give her away, or to give us away, but enough to finish Raikes. She did do it, Tulio. Four people, and three of them ruled out, leaves one, one for certain, and that one Yelitsa." He was speaking harshly now, driving his words home and keeping his eyes on Tulio, forcing a lesson on a dull child.

"But why? Why should she do it?" Anger at being trapped into accepting knowledge which hurt and confused him made Tulio bang the table as he spoke.

"I think I know why, Tulio." Within himself, adding now to the sense of weariness and strain which had been his life for so long, he felt the burden of a new pain. While Luca had lived, a loyalty to both his sons, an acknowledgment that they must shape their own lives for themselves, had kept him silent. But now Luca was dead.

"I know she never wanted to go to Italy. I know she likes the régime here—but she allowed herself to be persuaded."

"By me. I'm her husband. Where I go, she goes."

"No, Tulio. Not by you. She was going because Luca was going. She and Luca were lovers before she married you, and they were lovers after she married you."

"It's a lie!" Tulio spoke violently, his giant hands spread wide on the table top.

"Have I ever lied to you?"

There was a pause, then the answer came grudgingly: "No."

"And I'm not lying now. If Luca went, Yelitsa was prepared to go, but when Luca was killed she had no reason to go. And in her stupid way she probably thought that if Raikes was killed we would give up the whole idea. She thought Raikes was the reason for the escape. She knows nothing about the other man in the hotel. Raikes dead meant no escape. . . . I can hear her saying it all to herself. And because she loved Luca she was glad to betray Raikes."

Sandro stood up, talking rapidly, giving Tulio no chance to speak, anxious to force on him the truth before his passion stirred to life.

"What I'm saying is true, Tulio. I hoped never to have to say it. I hoped the whole thing would die away and Luca would come to his senses. But now it's different. She's betrayed us. She's sure we won't go. That's what she wants. And that's what she must think. We're going, Tulio, and we're leaving her behind. But she must never know we're going——" He broke off as Tulio stood up suddenly.

"Luca. . . ." Tulio whispered the word incredulously. He walked slowly towards the window, Sandro watching him anxiously. "She and Luca. . . ." He was talking to himself. "She and Luca. . . ."

"Tulio——" His father went to him and gripped his arm.

"I'll kill her!" Tulio shook himself free. "I'll kill her!"

Sandro's voice came calmly, driving at him with the authority he had always respected.

"You won't kill her, Tulio. You're going to do what I say. If you kill her, if you let her know anything—we'll never get away. Are you listening, Tulio?"

Tulio turned. His face was dull. "What can I do?"

Sandro came over to him. "You're going to be clever, Tulio. You're going to lie to her as she lied to you. We're going to Italy and she must never know."

"Never know?"

"You can do it, Tulio. You can hide everything you know."

Tulio looked at him.

"Yes. You're right. I can do it."

"She may be over today. She'll come if she can."

"She'll never know anything from me."

"Can you leave her behind?" Sandro was probing. He had to be certain.

Tulio shook his head impatiently. "I don't care what happens to her. If she's in trouble with the police when we've gone—so much the better!" He laughed contemptuously. "She'll probably lie her way out of it."

Sandro was far from sure that she would be able to lie her way out of the trouble that would start when they had gone, but he had other people to think about. She might get off easily, she might be treated severely, but if he didn't carry on with what had been arranged, then other people would suffer. It was the old problem, so often faced in the life he had known. The choice was between two evils. Whatever one did brought suffering, and the necessity for making the choice was a torture which had to be borne.

FRANJA was sitting with her knees drawn up, her hands clasped around them, staring through the thin tamarisk screen at the sea. She was smiling to herself.

Hudson said: "Cigarette?"

After a moment she shook her head gently. He lit his own cigarette and flicked the match at the lizard, but it remained unmoved. Madame Androsh and Franja had invited him to tea that afternoon. Although nothing in Madame Androsh's manner had changed, now, alone in the garden with Franja, he was puzzled by the change of mood in the girl. That she should fall into a reverie as they sat, enjoying the sun and the view, was natural, but behind it he had begun to sense something else.

He put out a hand and touched her arm. "What's the matter?"

She came back to him then, turning and giving a quick little laugh.

"I was just dreaming. I think I would like a cigarette."

He lit one for her. She drew at it,

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Stick To It !

FROM time to time you hear someone described as "just a rubber stamp"—a man without a will of his own, incapable of doing anything beyond what he's told.

There's another kind of stamp—the postage stamp. A postage stamp has one magnificent quality: it sticks to a job until it's finished.

Of course, it's much easier to be a rubber stamp type of human being than a postage stamp type. The first is characterized by servile and unthinking obedience. The second needs patience, courage and undaunted determination.

To be able to start a job and see it through to the end is not the commonest of abilities—and there is none more valuable.

by ***ROFFE THOMPSON***

"Look me straight in the eye!"

meeting his eyes frankly. When he had come on to the terrace with her grandmother she had been afraid of herself and her attitude to him, now that Zarko had spoken to her.

At first it had not been too difficult. He was smiling, gentle, now and again echoing in words the silent movement of her own thoughts, and slipping easily into just the right relationship with her grandmother and herself which the occasion demanded. Left alone with him, she found herself drawing away from him in order to obscure an insincerity in herself which she felt must be obvious.

The touch of his hand on her arm had startled her into an awareness of the danger which such a mood represented. If Zarko had spoiled the promise of their relationship, then at least this man must not know it.

She asked: "How long were you a prisoner?"

"Four years."

"Were you in the Army?"

"No. A pilot. What were you doing?"

"I wasn't long back from school when it began. Then I was a nurse in Belgrade, not a very good one."

"Soldiers judge nurses on their appearance, not their ability."

Franja laughed and began to rise. "I've an early concert this evening. I must get back." Hudson took her arm and helped her up, and the pressure of his hand on her bare skin was a comfort that suddenly dispersed all her fears.

She stood by him, unwilling to break the touch. He turned her gently, taking both her elbows in his hands so that she faced him, her body drawn closer to him, the swing of her skirt touching his legs, the slow respiration marked in the gentle rise and fall of her brown throat.

"Tell me, has Zarko told you it's unwise to be so friendly with me yet?"

"No."

Still holding her elbows, he bent forward and kissed her gently on the lips. The touch awakened in her a desire to move closer to him, to put her arms around him and hold him to her, to meet his affection with a wildness which seemed to offer a security that could endure beyond the moment, but she held herself back, allowing him and herself only the briefness of a passing gesture of friendliness.

"If anyone reports that to Zarko, you can blame it on me. Say I lost my head."

They turned together towards the villa. Franja said nothing, but until they were in sight of the terrace she was glad that he kept her arm in his.

When she had gone, Hudson was left alone on the terrace with Madame Androsh. Franja had insisted on going back to the town by herself. For a while they sat in silence.

Madame Androsh got up slowly and moved to the balustrade. She bent over a pot of flowers and began to pick off dead blossoms with a quick snapping movement of her fingers. Hudson watched her. She nipped off the last dead blossoms and turned to him.

"How long ago was it that you read a fairy story, young man?"

"A long time. Why?"

"Because I think you must have forgotten what happens to a princess when she gets kissed in a beautiful garden by a handsome young stranger."

Hudson laughed. "I should have thought the tamarisk bushes would have prevented you from seeing that."

"Not from the window of my bedroom. For a princess a kiss means only one thing. She promptly falls in love."

"But only in fairy stories."

"You're a fool. Any woman alone in a garden with a man she likes sees herself as a princess in a fairy story." She paused for a moment, smiling at him. Then she went on seriously: "I'm very fond of Franja. Just being in Jugoslavia is hard enough for her. Her father was General Dmitar Pazan. He and her mother—my daughter—were killed in a Belgrade air raid. Her father was a liberal and a poet. Franja gets her romanticism from him. She's apt to take a kiss seriously."

"But I was only being polite," he protested, smiling.

"Exactly. If you were being sincere I would never have spoken. It's the polite men who do all the damage."

"The last thing I want to do is to hurt her."

"Then don't raise hopes which you can't fulfil. Franja's lived through a war and a revolution. But she's an inexperienced girl. If you ever want to kiss her again, don't do it unless it has nothing to do with politeness."

"I promise."

She came up to him, her eyes shrewd and smiling. "Maybe I was wrong to have helped you yesterday. Some day I'll regret it. No, don't tell me I shan't. The time always comes when we regret our good actions."

She took his arm and began to lead him towards the french windows. "Now come and mix me a drink, and tell me all about England. It's twenty years since I was there."

A few rooms away from Lepovitch a party was going on. For an hour he had tried to work and ignore the sounds of laughter and voices. He got up at last and rang for the floor waiter. When the man came he said curtly:

"My compliments to the party along the corridor, and would they please make less noise." A sharp light glinted on his glasses as he jerked his head towards the noise. He went back to his table when the

Continued on page 27

He wasn't her "real" Bobby

I'M WORRIED ABOUT BOBBY. HIS TEACHER SAYS HE'S SLIPPING BACK AT WORK AND GAMES. HE'S NOT USUALLY LIKE THAT...
WINTER LOWERS CHILDREN'S RESISTANCE BOBBY'S GROWING, TOO. BUILD HIM UP. GIVE HIM NOURISHING MILO.
THAT AFTERNOON
I DON'T WANT ANY TEA, MUM.
YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE A NICE CUP OF HOT MILO—IT'S LOVELY AND CHOCOLATY.
TWO WEEKS LATER
MUM, I SHOT A GOAL THIS AFTERNOON, AND TEACHER SAYS I'M SITTING FOR THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL EXAM.
THINKS: THIS IS MY REAL BOBBY, THANKS TO MILO.

Why children need Nestlé's MILO

MILO is a nourishing drink that builds children up and fortifies them against winter weather. It contains full cream milk, vitamins, and other good things which growing children need. Give your children Milo during the day or on the way to bed. They love its delicious chocolate flavour. Take Milo yourself. It will give you extra energy, soothe your nerves, and generally cheer you up. Taken at night it helps you to sleep soundly. You can get Milo at your grocer's or chemist's.

a cup of MILO brings a smile-o

½ lb. tin 2/4. 1 lb. tin 4/-

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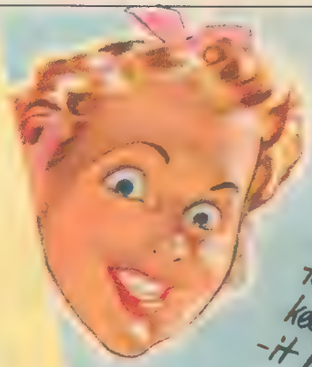


There's real nourishment in it, too, WALL's not only keeps a family happy -it helps me to keep them healthily fed

WALL's must take a lot of care to get their ice cream so rich and appetising - IT'S JUST AS GOOD WHEREVER YOU BUY IT!

Golly, this WALL's Ice Cream is lots better than any I've ever had!

Course it is, silly! WALL's is the best ice cream there is

UNTIL YOU'VE TASTED WALL's you just don't know how delicious ice cream can be! What's more, winter meals can be made so exciting with WALL's! No need to feel baffled by the problem of tasty and satisfying sweets! You can serve WALL's alone in liberal helpings, or with simple sauces, jam or bottled fruit. You can serve it with your hot pies and puddings. Whenever your larder seems dull and uninspiring get some WALL's to brighten your meals.

WE GUARANTEE

that all ICE CREAM of our manufacture is PURE, that it has been properly PASTEURISED and complies in every respect with all regulations pertaining to the PURITY OF FOODS

Wall's ICE CREAM IS SAFE ICE CREAM

MORE THAN A TREAT – a food!

T. WALL & SONS LTD., LONDON, MANCHESTER, EDINBURGH

ICE 114-239

A FOREST OF EYES

Continued from page 25

waiter had gone and began to read what he had typed.

The dossiers and history of all the staff at the hotel have now been checked and they seem in order. Most of them are local people who are seasonally employed, and the others are professional waiters whose records show that they have been in this service for some time, working in the winter at Zagreb or Belgrade hotels and coming here for the summer. Two of them are very reliable men who have worked for Zarko for a long time. . . .

The dossier on Hudson which came this morning proves, to my mind, that he is no newcomer to the kind of work which we believe he is doing here. The only conceivable reason why he remained in prison so long, when he found it easy to arrange the escapes of others, must have been because he had orders to. Many p.o.w. camps in Germany were centres of British military espionage. . . .

DOWN the hall, the waiter knocked on the door of the room from which the noise was coming. There was a cheerful shout for him to enter. He stood in the open doorway, hesitating apologetically. In the room were two Army officers, their tunics undone, faces flushed with *pivo* and brandy, and two women.

One pair sat on the bed balancing a plate of shrimps between them. The other pair stood by a small table which was covered with bottles and a paper parcel from which part of a cold chicken protruded.

"Well?" The officer on the bed loosened his arm from the woman's waist.

"The comrade in room fifty-four would be obliged if you could make a little less noise."

"Tell the comrade down the hall," said the other officer happily, "to jump out of the window." He rewarded himself with a fat kiss on the back of the neck of the woman at his side.

"Certainly, Comrade Captain, if you insist. But I think I ought to point out that the comrade down the hall is a man who is used to other people jumping out of the window when he comes into a room." For the fraction of a second, the lid of his left eye flickered. The officer on the bed understood at once. He jumped up, spilling the plate of shrimps, and assumed a military dignity.

"We understand. Tell the comrade that we regret we have disturbed him."

In his room, Lepovitch made no effort to turn as the waiter brought the apology. Alone, in the silence, he turned the page of his report and read on:

Hudson's alibi for the evening in question still seems genuine. Secretary Androsh has confirmed that he requested his mother to extend any courtesy she could to Hudson. He was invited to her villa again today and for the moment we see no reason why this contact should be broken. Her granddaughter, Franja Pazan, is already working under our instructions. Apart from this he has no other close contacts. So far the only outside movement he has made which might arouse suspicion is a brief passage which occurred between him and the journalist Sumitch in a barber's shop today. This line is being followed.

From the other end, i.e. the note which betrayed Raikes, we are so far without any lead. Every effort is being made to establish the writer's identity and a sample of the handwriting has been given to municipal and public offices here with instructions to search their records for a similar hand.

As for Comrade Zarko, I shall not overlook your request for the fullest possible report. At the moment I can only say that while he sometimes takes an unorthodox line, there is nothing to suggest that he is not devoting himself wholeheartedly to this affair. His greatest fault seems to be a bourgeois sympathy which might at a crucial moment interfere with the complete ruthlessness which we are called upon to exercise if the People's Republic is to be purged of all subversive neo-fascist elements. . . .

Hudson bent to kiss her. And from the house someone watched

He sat back and lit himself a cigarette, staring out at the night. At this moment possibly Zarko was writing about him, making up his own report, and somewhere in Belgrade the two could be compared.

He dismissed Zarko from his mind and began to write to his wife.

HUDSON sat on the low wall outside the museum, finishing his cigarette before he entered. On a seat about a hundred yards from him was his old friend with the patched shoe.

These days the man, and his fellows who shared the duty, made no attempt to disguise their presence. In a perverse way, he was almost uncomfortable when he lost them for a while—as he had done this morning when he was at the cemetery.

Leaving Raikes's second grave, he and Zarko had stopped for a moment before the first burial-place. The vault in the wall was now covered with a stone which bore a bald inscription: "John Raikes. Died May 7, 1949. Aged 40 years." Zarko had gone up to the stone.

"I'll have this removed." His plump, brown mottled hand had rested on the ledge before the stone where the wreaths were now turning brown. Then he had picked up from among the wreaths a withered bunch of roses with a slip of blue paper attached to it. He had held the bunch, looking at it, and then his eyes had gone to Hudson.

They understood one another, knew that each remembered exactly how many wreaths had been put on the ledge, knew that a love of detail, for the richness it gave to life, belonged to them both. Then Hudson had spoken.

"Who put that there?"

Zarko shrugged his shoulders. "The card isn't signed. People do the oddest things." He jerked the paper away from the bouquet openly and put it in his pocket.

"It interests you?"

"Why not? When a reason for a thing isn't apparent, one's interest grows." He fanned his face gently with his panama. They turned towards the main gates.

Zarko's car was waiting. Hudson had accepted his offer of a lift, and when he was dropped in the town he had also arranged to dine at Zarko's house the following night.

Yes, Zarko was an odd man, generous and human one minute, and the next ruthless and efficient. Never at any time shaken in the principles which he held.

Hudson rose, throwing the stub of his cigarette away. Inside the museum he went up to the attendant in his little alcove to pay his five-dinar entrance fee. The attendant was an elderly man in a faded blue uniform. He had large, watery eyes and a flushed red face. He tore off Hudson's ticket then stretched out his two arms before him in a wide V, each arm pointing down the two galleries of the museum.

"Down there"—he waggled his right arm—"natural history, fishes, flowers, birds, and a two-headed foetus . . . children always go for it."

He shook his head over the ghoulishness of children, and then waggled his left arm. "Down there, archaeology, fossils, historical interest, peasant costumes, old coins. . . ." He paused for a moment and the hydrous eyes wavered with a sudden embarrassment. "Interesting old sedan chair."

The head jerked towards the door and then came back, and the thick voice added in a whisper: "Was told not to let you miss it."

Hudson nodded, picked up his change and moved down the hallway. It was early in the afternoon still and the only other people in the place were a woman and a small boy at the far end of the natural history section. He lost sight of them as he turned down the other hallway. He moved swiftly, for in a few moments his follower would be entering and he had no idea how much time he had before him.

He found the sedan chair halfway down the hall. It stood on a wide wooden plinth, looped off by a red rope, and placed in the centre of the long hall. On either side of it, against the walls, were large pieces of broken statuary and friezes from some antique temple destroyed in the earthquake of 1664. The chair was painted black and red, with gilt bands at the ends of the long carrying handles. The little door at the front was shut and the faded brocade curtains drawn across the one side window which Hudson could see.

A little plaque on the edge of the plinth read: *Sedan chair, eighteenth century. Used by Rectors of Dubrovnik for private and semi-State occasions. Ceremonial chair still preserved in Rector's Palace.*

The little side window, Hudson noticed, although covered by its brocade curtain, was half open. As he stood there he heard Sandro's voice from inside the chair; a whisper so low that it scarcely reached him.

"Signore. . . ." Momentarily the little curtains parted and he saw Sandro's face.

Hudson gave a faint warning shake of his head, and turned round. He sat down on the edge of the wooden plinth, his back to the chair. His follower had bought his ticket and was coming down the gallery towards him. Unhurried, Hudson drew his sketch book from his pocket and opened it. His follower came towards him slowly, inspecting, reluctantly, a collection of weapons strung along one wall.

Hudson drew his pencil across the page, sketching in the frame of a sarcophagus panel which stood against the wall opposite.

Without looking at the man, he said gently: "I shall be at least half an hour. Find yourself a good place to doze."

The man shifted uncomfortably, and then, without a word, moved back up the gallery and Hudson saw him drop on to a chair near the door, cross his legs and rest his chin on his hand as he stared down the gallery.

Hudson sketched on. After a while, he whispered, keeping his head bent: "He's watching but he can't hear. Raikes didn't tell me who the man at the hotel was. Do you know?"

"No."

"Raikes said he would give me something for the man to recognize. He never did."

"The police may have it now. You'll be on your own. I can't help. I'm leaving in six days. If you find this man and he's at the right place, I'll take him."

"How did they find where Raikes was?"

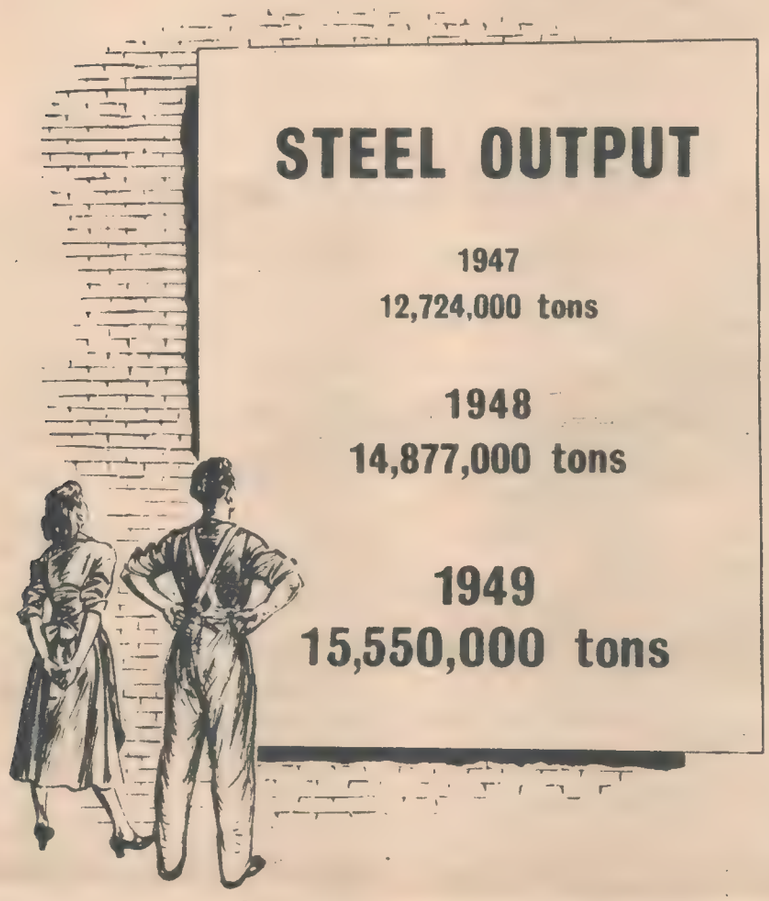
"I don't know. . . ." The voice was hesitant.

"Sure? I only want to know there's no loose end."

"There's no need to worry." Sincerity had come back to the voice, but there was

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

READERS with personal problems can obtain the help of John Bull's team of experts. Inquiries (other than medical) should be addressed to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply.



A record that makes you think

The proved policy of the steel industry has yet again given the nation a year of outstanding achievement. The output for 1949 was once more an all-time record — 15,550,000 tons.

Open competition has spurred on the industry. Co-operation in research and development is keeping British steel supreme in quality and low in price. Government supervision protects the public interest.

What better proof could there be that the present policy is the most practical way of putting all the resources of the steel industry at the service of the nation?

STEEL is serving you well

BRITISH IRON AND STEEL FEDERATION

A FOREST OF EYES

Continued from previous page

a hint of impatience which Hudson was quick to catch.

"What about the escape? Details, time, place. . . ." His whisper died as the woman with the small boy turned down the gallery. He went on with his sketching assiduously, his head lowered, the legs of the oncoming pair visible. He looked up as they passed him and the boy cocked his head a little to look at his drawing, but his mother drew him on, clucking irritably: "Why didn't you do it at home? I asked you before we came out." The boy muttered something, dancing a little in his impatience, and the two disappeared through a door marked *Nuznik*. As the door shut on them Sandro's voice came to Hudson:

"I've written it all down for you. It's under the notice about the chair."

Hudson shifted his position, easing his legs, and saw that the notice was pasted on a narrow prism of wood that rested on the edge of the plinth.

"I'll get it in a minute. He keeps raising his head."

A ghost of a laugh filtered through the brocaded curtains. "I know him well. He's a good watchdog. When you've read it—get rid of it."

"Of course."

The lavatory door opened, and mother and child came out. Hudson raised his head and watched them curiously, meeting their looks frankly. They came up past him and, as his head swung round to follow them, he saw his follower watching as well. Then mother and child were between him and the follower, cutting off the man's line of vision for a while. Hudson put out his hand, pushed the lump of wood along and slid a folded sheet of paper into his pocket.

Sandro's voice came from the chair. "You choose your moments well. Sorry I can't help you about the man at the hotel."

"I'll find out who it is . . . somehow. And he'll be where you want him to be."

"It's all on the paper. Good luck."

Sandro said no more. Hudson got up and left the museum. Every moment that he kept Sandro's paper in his pocket he knew was dangerous. He went into the Gradska Kavana and ordered an iced coffee, but before the waiter could bring it he got up and went across to the cloakroom. He shut himself in a cubicle and pulled out the paper. He read it carefully, memorizing each detail. Then he set fire to it with a match and dropped the crisp roll of ash into the basin.

As it flushed away he felt a sense of relief rise swiftly in him and for the first time he was aware that around the roots of his hair he was sweating. It was beginning to bead his forehead now.

He went out to the line of washbasins. He began to wash, watching in the mirror before him the deliberate movements of his follower, who was wiping his hands in front of a basin on the other side of the room. The man stood there for a moment, contemplating his nails curiously, then his eyes met Hudson's in the mirror.

Hudson smiled and gave him a wink.

At dinner that night, as Hudson poured himself a glass of wine, he noticed the book of Keats's poems on the table. He picked it up and, opening it, found a brief note from Professor Brussiack thanking him for the loan of the book. He looked across at the professor, who was being served by Joseph. Brussiack was hunched over his table, reading and eating, oblivious of the rest of the diners around him.

Who was it, Hudson wondered, among these people, who was waiting to be told how to get out of this country; who was it who carried some sign which would be given in answer to the one which Raikes had promised him?

Professor Brussiack? Or Papa Ransko, who at this moment was slapping Madeo's hand, which had reached out impatiently to the fruit bowl?

Would Ransko leave his family, knowing what would happen to them? Hudson knew that he might; men can act from compulsions which force them to thrust all tenderness aside.

Or was it Sumitch, the honeymoon journalist? Maybe this was no honeymoon, only the dreadful interregnum of a despair-shot embrace before farewell. He saw the young man light a cigarette for his wife, taking it from his own lips and passing it to her, and the movement was a caress, and for the first time Hudson looked closely at the girl and saw that she was good-looking, her face pale, the dark eyes shadowed.

She turned her head and for a second her eyes met Hudson's. Was she, he wondered, forcing herself to face him frankly, demonstrating to herself that there was a courage which could hold down the greatest fear? Then she turned away and bent forward to say something to her husband.

Or was it Representative Djilas — a politician, not a trade union leader, as Hudson had now learned from the saturnine reception clerk—a man caught up in the dark tangle of factions which spread around Tito? Djilas was eating ice-cream, his spoon picking at the pink mound as though somewhere in its depths he knew he would uncover something unpleasant.

Or was it Colonel Grol, who at this moment had risen and was coming towards Hudson, the soldier favourite? The only man—Franja had told him the tale on the beach—at whose step Tito's German police dog, Tiger, did not growl. The broad bullet-head, the laughing blue eyes, hung above Hudson.

"May I take my coffee with you, Mr. Hudson? You look lonely, and I am lonely. We should do each other good."

Hudson nodded to the empty chair and Grol sat down, waving a hand at Joseph.

"Bring my coffee here, Joseph."

"Maybe Joseph could find some brandy as well?" Hudson looked up at the wrinkled, amiable face of the waiter. Joseph pursed his lips, hesitating, as a good waiter should, to show that a favour is never automatic.

"He can, I'm sure," Hudson said.

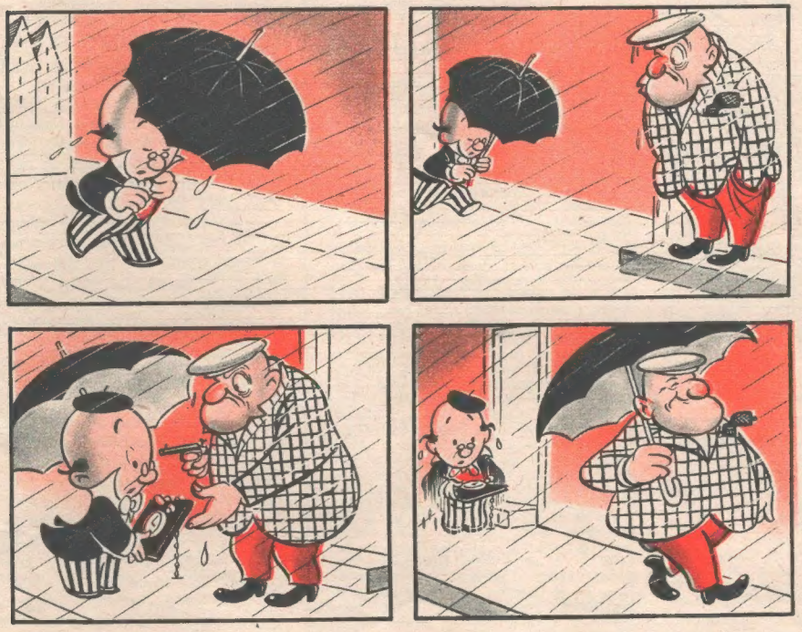
Joseph nodded. "There is a bottle of Grande Marque which seems to have found

THIS WEEK'S COVER

EXCITEMENT on the touchline, a furious scrimmage around the ball and some anxious moments for the little goalie. There's high tension among Douglas L. Mays's Cover Kids this week. While he agrees he has an understanding of children, Mays says he doesn't like all children all the time—his own four daughters excepted. He says his favourite hobby is work, followed by listening to music, visiting museums, enjoying sea and sun, and riding on the Liverpool ferry.

MR. DIMPLE

by David Hand



its way into the cellar. Do not ask me how."

"For me to be lonely is understandable," said Hudson over their brandy, "but I thought you had plenty of friends in this town."

Grol shook his head. "A man's lucky if he makes more than three friends in his life. Even acquaintances are hard to keep these days, unless you've got something to offer them."

Hudson smiled. "Do you class me as an acquaintance?"

"Why not?"

"And what have you to offer me?"

Grol laughed, shaking his big head. "What would you like, Mr. Hudson? A commission in the Red Army, the truth about the persecution of religious elements in this country, or an introduction to the prima ballerina of the State Corps de Ballet? I could even get you an interview with Stari himself—not that I think it would do you much good. You're not his type. Between ourselves, he likes men he can impress. What can I do for you? This brandy demands some return."

HUDSON hesitated. There was a confidence about this man which was almost outrageous, a genial giant who liked to stalk through a crowded street and occasionally pick up a man and shake him, then set him back on the pavement with his head whirling and his thoughts churned up, a rough tonic which did them both good.

"You can give me some gossip," he said easily, offering his cigarette case.

"Why not? Women and soldiers are the greatest gossips in the world."

"I'd like your opinion of the rest of the guests in this hotel. Tell me something about them, anything which will make me seem to know them better. I sit here day after day like a stranger who's strayed by mistake into a funeral service."

Grol's roar of laughter roused the attention of the other diners for a moment. Then, as their heads swung back, he leaned forward and his big lips pushed against one another, savouring the pleasure he was about to give himself.

"What I know you shall have. But it isn't much. There's Brussiack—he's waiting here for the rest of a commission which is going to see what it can do about re-establishing the wine industry on the coast islands. He doesn't look much but the chambermaid on the top floor has been sleeping with him for the last three nights. Surprising, isn't it?"

"I wouldn't like to say until I've seen the chambermaid," Hudson remarked dryly. Grol puffed a great cloud of smoke which hung heavy and opaque on the night air. "He's also fond of English poetry." He tapped the book which rested on the table. "I saw him return this when he came down to dinner."

"And Representative Djilas?" As he spoke Hudson was wondering how much this man did notice, how much was nonsense and how much truth.

"Fine partisan record. But a crank. Trying to reform the spelling of our language. Wants to do away completely with the use of the old Cyrillic alphabet and use the Roman, or what we call the Croatian form. He's right about that. One day he'll be shot for getting some idea that doesn't fit the party line. Cranks never make good democrats. Then there's the Ransko family. Only human being among them is Madeo. He must be a changeling, I think, or else his mother slipped up sometime with a sailor in Split—that's where they come from. I think Ransko must suspect this, too. Their room's next to mine and he beats her every other night, but she's big enough for it not to worry her too much."

Hudson finished his brandy and cocked an eye at him over the rim of his glass. "You're giving good measure. But I don't believe it all."

Grol went on, unperturbed, grinning. "Why should you, Mr. Hudson? You asked for gossip, not truth. Then there are the turtle doves. He's a journalist. Don't let that loving smile of his deceive you. When he writes, his pen-nibs corrode after each paragraph. Bitter, bitter, bitter. . . . But he's written the best war book of them all, *Red Star of the Mountains*, and his back is still scored with German lash marks. She's his second wife and she used to be a secretary in our London embassy, but after a year they recalled her. A year is about as long as any woman can stand in London or New York without deciding that she'd rather be fashionable and decadent than stick to short skirts and collectivism for ever. Clothes will seduce any woman, Mr. Hudson, as every good soldier knows." He paused, flicking ash from his tunic. "And that's the lot, Mr. Hudson."

Hudson tried him deliberately, risking the touchiness which he guessed lay somewhere under the bluff personality. "No. You've missed one."

"I have? Who?"

"Yourself."

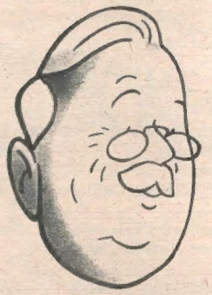
Colonel Grol did not laugh, and

Continued on next page

Who ruined the breakfast?

MR. HANCOCK?

MRS. OSBORN?



OLD MR. RAWLINGS?

YOUNG BOB CROSS ?

A PLEASANT BREAKFAST in the comfort of the home can be marred unless we are careful with electricity during the Peak Hours. Lack of thought on the part of a few may mean discomfort for many. We *must* go easy with electricity during the Peak Hours. If too many people try to use too much electricity during Peaks, the power stations have to cut supplies, and that means discomfort and inconvenience. We can plan our day to use the electricity we want during *Off-Peak* hours.

THE PEAK—
What it means

Power Stations have 'Peak' hours—just as buses and trains have 'rush' hours. They occur when, in addition to the essential needs of industry, the demand for electricity from homes, offices and shops becomes too heavy.

From Monday to Friday the usual Peak Hours are :

8.0 to 9.30 a.m.
from October 1st to March 31st

and in addition :

4.0 to 5.30 p.m.
from November 1st to January 15th

During these times *the factories must come first.*

USE electricity-Off Peak!

British Electricity

Who's Next for Television?

SERVING in H.M.S. *Kenya* in the Far East is a sailor who will be happy to see this picture. It shows his wife, Mrs. P. N. Harvey, in their little home (6 Airey Houses, Leysdown, Kent), enjoying the television set she won with a *Bullets* cheque last year.

"My evenings are no longer lonely," she assured us. "We are a friendly little village and now neighbours are always dropping in to view with me." With your *Bullets* coupon below you can win a £500 fortune *and*, if you are within range, enjoy the unlimited pleasure provided by a £100 television installation in your home.

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comprising EKCO TV Set, Aerial, Licence and 12 months' FREE maintenance. If winner outside Television range, £100 installation will be of Auto-change Radiogram and Library of Records.

£50, £25, 10 of £5

10 of £2.10s., 50 of 10s.

2,000 of 2s. 6d.

Fowl Bonuses—See below

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated Mar. 11 and in JOHN BULL dated Mar. 18, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* on right. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Tonic For Britain	"Hold Tight!"
Time Is Precious, So	Nobody Guessed
The Labour Cart-horse	The Winner
Leading Us	Little Sandy
Star Of Tomorrow	Ought To Be Locked Up
The Best Place	
Struggle For Survival	Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions
Dangerous Man	
Wonders	
Far And Wide	To Make.....Pay
Chinese Puzzle	.....To Mother
All That's Necessary	Grand .....
Betting	Even In.....
Fully Employed	Like Some Old.....
Going Through Hell	She May Be....., But

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£1,000

for *Bullets* in "John Bull" next week—and watch for

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XWORD 666 RESULT

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FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues on right. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one, two or three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

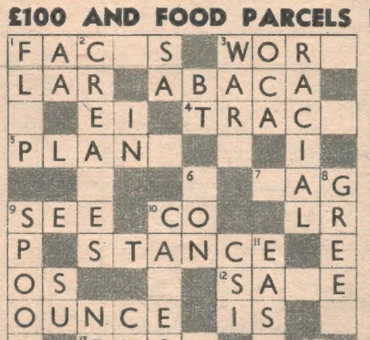
Across Clues XWORD 671

1. It helps a parliamentary candidate to be supported by well-known these
3. Even first-class author may be stuck for
4. Hiker finds it pretty hard going as he tramps over mountainous one
5. Many business ventures fail through lack of
7. If staff can't cope with rush of extra work it will result in
12. Housebreaker must often find it difficult when he comes to
13. Modern armies can rarely hope to surprise enemy by means of

Down Clues

1. It acts as a tonic in some cases
2. Press often does this quite effectively
3. Films do this to our emotions
6. Mother may be suspicious and check one
8. May well be associated with envy
9. One has occasionally caused a great stir
10. These aren't necessarily crowded out when people are on holiday
11. Not every eastern potentate lives life of

£100 AND FOOD PARCELS FOR THIS XWORD



CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
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In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.), Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink, not pencil.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps, covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated March 4.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature below is agreement to Rules.

I enclose P.O. value.....

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Puzzle and Form strictly copyright.

Signed .....

671 Closing Postmark MON., FEB. 20

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A FOREST OF EYES

Continued from previous page

momentarily Hudson saw the tightening of a muscle mark his face with a faint hardness.

Then the smile came back, disarming. "There's enough gossip about me already. And as for the truth about myself, I don't think you would find that very interesting."

"That's the trouble about truth, isn't it?" Hudson turned a knife over idly on the table, not looking at the man. "It's generally so uninteresting that it drives most of us to gossip."

LEPOVITCH'S report did not take long to write that evening.

So far we have been unable to establish the identity of the dead man who was first mistaken for Raikes. Today fresh evidence has been discovered connecting him with the people in this town who were helping Raikes. Zarko found on the first grave, when he visited the cemetery today, a posy of roses with an anonymous note of remembrance, written on the same blue paper as the letter which betrayed Raikes. The similarity in handwriting is clear.

Hudson himself spends his time sightseeing in the town. So far the girl, Franja Pazan, has reported nothing of interest. She is spending the afternoon with him tomorrow and has been instructed to get him to talk about Raikes, but I personally feel that there is little hope of any help coming from this direction. There is always the possibility, too, that the girl is deceiving us. I have had to insist that her room is searched regularly. . . .

He had had quite a battle with Zarko over that. Zarko had a sycophantic affection for Madame Androsh, member of a discredited aristocracy, which disgusted Lepovitch by its obvious bourgeois origin. He had insisted that the villa be searched each morning when the old woman and girl were out marketing.

He sat, balancing his chair gently on two legs, his face thoughtful, the grey eyes blinking now and again behind the rimless glasses. No man was infallible. One day Zarko would make a mistake. For the moment Lepovitch would content himself with the most circumspect insinuations against Zarko to Belgrade.

HUDSON stood at the window in his room, smoking a last cigarette before bed. Unless Raikes, in that last moment on the island, had thrown away the thing he needed as a sign for whoever waited in this hotel, it lay now in Zarko's office, with the rest of Raikes's effects. At least he hoped it did.

That was the trouble with this affair: one waited so much on probabilities.

Just how he was going to get in without betraying himself was the problem that held back his sleep for a long time that night.

But one thing was certain. He had to search Zarko's room.

To be continued next week

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